

# THE ACADEMY

A JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, ART, FINANCE & POLITICS

No. 2178

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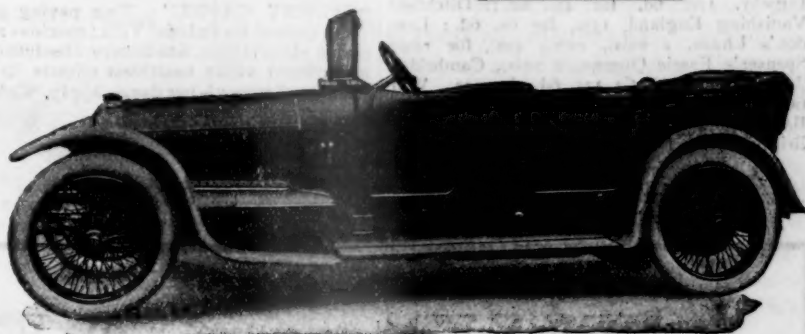
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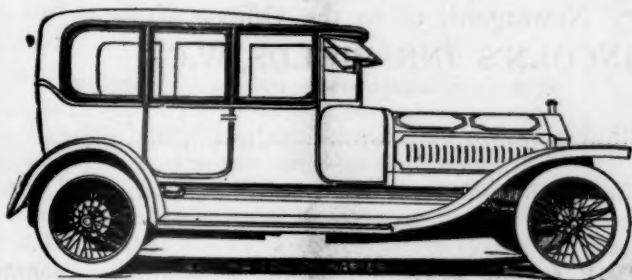
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Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post-free.

The EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICE is at 63, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

## Notes of the Week

THERE is rather a disposition, as we think, to treat too lightly the grave speech which Mr. John Redmond delivered at Waterford. There is no useful purpose in eternally banging the drum and making an exhibition of the bunting. Owing to the indiscretion of the late Mr. Gladstone and the corruptibility of the present Government, the Irish question has arrived at a point where the order of things must of necessity be changed. The position is wholly lamentable, but it exists. Having reached such a conclusion, the reasonable man asks what course common-sense and constructive capacity suggest. In our issue of October 4 we put forward an idea which we believe is perfectly sound, and which offers the only tolerable exit from a position which is now intolerable. We wrote:—

The only possible solution—if the *status quo* is to be departed from, which we do not admit—is an assembly for Catholic Ireland and another for essentially Protestant Ireland. The two countries might conceivably get to know and trust each other in time. We think the time will more probably be measured in centuries than in decades, but there is just an off-chance of success. There might be an arrangement for joint sessions and conferences, with the British Government as ultimate arbiter. Especially in matters of finance, such a scheme seems to be indispensable. We leave Members of Parliament to digest the proposal, and, if there is anything of value in it, to elaborate it. The lion has never yet laid down with the lamb without absorption, but we live in a progressive age, and miracles are commonplace.

Can any reasonable man suggest that in the position of affairs on the Continent we can afford to risk civil war

at home? We put it to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who is sorely harassed to find a method of balancing the results of his disastrous finance, whether he is prepared to provide the funds for the vanquishment of Protestant Ireland, whether in Ulster or throughout the South and West of that portion of the United Kingdom.

There is much to admire in the legislative proposal which Lord Willoughby de Broke will introduce into the House of Lords in the coming session, the object of which is to enforce upon the well-to-do or comparatively well-to-do classes the duty of taking their share in the defence of their country. In Lord Roberts's proposal for universal service there is the obvious difficulty that men of very divergent classes will not readily associate in the circumstances of training in camp. We have no preference for one class over another; and in time of war all classes mix cheerfully with each other, and find out what good fellows they are. When, however, there is not the spur of necessity or the call of urgent patriotism, many influences occur to prevent men of the higher class mixing on equal terms with those who belong to a lower grade. We believe in certain countries where conscription is the law there are selected corps where indiscriminate association is automatically obviated. We have not had the opportunity of seeing Lord Willoughby's scheme *in extenso*, but if it proceeds on some such lines as those to which we have adverted it augurs of success and is wholly admirable.

The annual dinner of the Bacon Society, held at the Trocadero Restaurant on January 22 "to celebrate the 353rd Anniversary of the Birth" of "the greatest human being God ever made," as Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence said, was very successful. We confess to becoming gradually more and more puzzled over this eternal question of the authorship of the works attributed to Shakespeare. Twelve months ago we reviewed a book by a French writer who held the theory that Roger Manners, Lord Rutland, should thus be honoured; and in the current issue of a Sunday paper the indefatigable Mr. Tom Jones announces that "the Shakespeare plays might with greater plausibility be assigned to the Earl of Southampton than to Bacon." Between all the prophets, what shall we believe? At any rate, the Baconians, under the charming presidency of Sir Edwin, are enthusiastic and convivial, and earnest enough withal to convert any half-hearted visitor. Mr. Kendra Baker made a careful and exhaustive speech, Miss A. Leith proposed the Bacon Society, and Mr. Crouch Batchelor waxed eloquent over the health of the guests; to this toast Mr. Herbert Jenkins made a neat response. Mr. W. T. Smedley proposed the President, and this, with the reply, concluded a most interesting evening. The Baconians, as the President pointed out, have passed the stage of being sneered at; they have to be taken seriously. And, while doing this, we reserve, as we said last year in commenting upon a similar function, our own opinion.

## A Dreamer's Epitaph

THE Light that lit the sunless hill,  
And shone above the barren leas,  
The Life that moved when leaves were still,  
And quickened in the dying trees;  
The Power that with my weakness grew  
(Mature in my unripened youth!)  
Could still the disproved hope renew,  
And turn to naught the foolish truth:

The Spirit that so loved my dust  
That with the dust it feud could wage,  
And all the alien glory thrust  
Upon me as a heritage;  
The Strength which with my frailties wed,  
And for my cause so strangely schemed,  
That I, whom it had made and led,  
Its maker and its leader seemed:

The days when in each cup of shame  
I saw the gleam of hallowed wine,  
Nor feared the beast, nor felt the flame,  
Because my Comrade was Divine—  
These things are my eternal store,  
Eternal is my joy for them,  
Though He should show His face no more,  
And draw from me His garment-hem!

G. M. HORT.

## The True Essayist

IT must be admitted that in the golden age of the essay, when men had more leisure for thought, and when it was not necessary always to be topical in order that work should become printed, much was written that is hardly worth remembering save for the student of history and literary tendencies. Perhaps the plentiful time at the disposal of the essayist had something to do with this; he had no need to write as one who burns with a message or a story; he could, if he wished, sketch out a plan of campaign and roam from hill to hill of his selected country, giving a lengthy account of his views from each summit, taking the patient reader with him—and some readers must have been admirably patient in those days.

In spite of the fact that a large number of these dissertations were models of style and of that peculiar quality known as "finish," not many of us now have the time or endurance to go perseveringly through their supremely elegant pages. We feel, often, that it is a labour to read them; the brain wanders away on some more attractive by-path of its own, and has to be jerked back every few minutes by the string of attention;

presently even that breaks, and we set the essayist and his polished periods aside for the spare hours that never come.

Yet, rather later than the age which is sometimes termed Augustan, there arrived other writers who were less concerned with the niceties of language, less overloaded with the weight of toppling phrases, and more desirous of relieving their hearts than unpacking their intellects. The Addisonian period was passing; the peculiarly careful handling of English which we now find "stilted" and tedious was avoided by some of the newer writers as a method which failed, somehow, in elasticity. They had sometimes the directness of Swift without his bitterness, the clarity of Addison with no hint of the rostrum or the teacher. To these, whom even now we can read with pleasure and thrills of response, we return again and again; we realise their personality, their absolute sincerity, their inspiration.

The secret of personality, which gave such charm to the work of Charles Lamb, of Hazlitt—who is too little read nowadays—and of many others, is an elusive thing. Analyse the "Dream Children," the "Old Margate Hoy," and it is probable that no especial method, no definite skill in phrasing, will appear to gratify the legitimate curiosity; each essay is a complete little creation, not to be disturbed or dissected. And, as a rule, the essay of a recognised master is a consideration of its subject from one point of view in one style. The humorous, as with Lamb, may lie very near to the springs of pathos; quite possibly two consecutive sentences may touch laughter and tears; yet there will be no incongruity, no clash—not, certainly, the deliberate shock of contrast. It is as though two colours, instead of being exhibited boldly and largely for the sake of a startling effect, were woven together quietly and patiently into the beautiful, general pattern, where, as nothing can be added, nothing can be spared.

Such closeness of structure, such restful unity, is attained by no assiduous practice of literary tricks; it is a matter of the vision of the man himself. Style is a poor thing without vision. It pleases eye and ear, perhaps, by skilful cadence or harmonious arrangement; but it stimulates no urgent thought, rouses no emotion, brings no flush to the face, no quicker heart-beat. Eagerness, wistfulness, wonder, courage, all the splendid shining desires that are dulled by the burden and heat of the day—who shall awaken these save the one who is hot and bright-eyed from victory, or maybe even angered by defeat, staying not to choose pretty words? Ardour brings expression in speech; and its flame may burn so steadily, whatever the theme, that even the cold printed page may convey the secret emotion miraculously across strange distances, into future ages. Only thus is the essayist a poet, though he may never write a line of verse, and immortal, though he dies as other men; and only thus, when the final reckoning of his work is taken, does he confront, with equal serenity, the threatening sword or the proffered laurel of criticism.

W. L. R.



## Criticism Astray\*

IT is a good thing that wise and thoughtful critics should occasionally write about the work of other men; especially so in the literary world, where books, unlike music or painting or sculpture, are accessible, as a rule, to all. Many of us have read Browning's poems with a new delight since Mr. G. K. Chesterton wrote his keen monograph in the "English Men of Letters" series; many of us turned with fresh pleasure to the Wessex novels after reading Lionel Johnson's discriminating estimate of Mr. Hardy; many of us felt anew the spell of George Meredith when Mr. G. M. Trevelyan, scholarly and dignified, told how the spell had fallen upon him, and interpreted for us certain things that hitherto had been hidden. Each mind, if it be independent and worthy, forms its own outlook; but by that very act it may shut from itself aspects that lie outside its field of vision. Then comes the wise and thoughtful critic, and with a word, a phrase, sets a light shining here and there, and in a moment we see a different beauty, a renewed charm.

We took up this volume on the work of Mr. Henry James, therefore, with a certain amount of pleasure, knowing that Mr. Hueffer is a strong admirer of that work, hoping for illumination, sensitive appreciation, vision; we set it down with discontent, having found blank carelessness, tedious verbosity, incompetence. Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer has taken a header into the crystal pool of Mr. Henry James's fantasy, splashed about awhile, and left the critics to pull him out, dripping, and to clear up the mess. Rarely have we been so disappointed, so resentful, as at this mishandling of a masterly writer; and yet the intention was so admirable! If any author needs careful, leisurely, persuasive exposition, it is Mr. Henry James; he has received the hasty, slap-dash comments of an incorrigible egotist. Mr. Hueffer's views on every subject that happens to cross his mind, relevant or irrelevant, are stirred in with his opinions on some of the novels of Mr. James, interspersed with plentiful quotations, and the whole tasteless conglomeration is elaborately presented as—a "critical study"!

All the finer points are missed. No allusion is made to those subtle, individual touches which we may surmise gave Mr. James immense pleasure in the making, and which give his readers such pleasure in the tracing: the grouping of peculiarly fitting adjectives or phrases, so often in threes, to take but one instance. We remember "poor foolish, generous, precious Valentin" in "The American"; the great scene between Charlotte and the Prince in "The Golden Bowl"—"Something in her long look at him now out of the old, grey window, something in the very poise of her hat, the colour of her necktie, the prolonged stillness of her smile, touched into sudden light for him all the wealth of the fact that he could count on her"; or Charlotte again, so finely braving her conscience: "It had ever been her sign that she was, for all occasions, found

ready, without loose ends or exposed accessories or unremoved superfluities." We remember the magnificent passage towards the close of the same book, where Maggie Verver, calm and resentful, realises the situation, and realises also why she has never been able to give herself to "the vulgar heat of her wrong":

She might fairly, as she watched them, have missed it as a lost thing; have yearned for it, for the straight, vindictive view, the rights of resentment, the rages of jealousy, the protests of passion, as for something she had been cheated of not least; a range of feelings which for many women would have meant so much, but which for *her* husband's wife, for *her* father's daughter, figured nothing nearer to experience than a wild Eastern caravan, looming into view with crude colours in the sun, fierce pipes in the air, high spears against the sky, all a thrill, a natural joy to mingle with, but turning off short before it reached her and plunging into other defiles.

The beauty of description which occurs here and there in detached passages in nearly all the books is passed over in silence by this "critical" student. There are a few phrases in "The Sacred Fount"—a book which is not mentioned by Mr. Hueffer—that impressed us as framing a particular conversation with wonderful delicacy:

There was a general shade in all the lower reaches—a fine clear dusk in garden and grove, a thin suffusion of twilight out of which the greater things, the high tree-tops and pinnacles, the long crests of motionless wood and chimnied roof, rose into golden air. The last calls of birds sounded extraordinarily loud; they were like the timed, serious splashes, in wide, still water, of divers not expecting to rise again.

Mr. James's genius for the description of persons is also ignored—those little sentences or phrases that make so many of his hundreds of characters live; Colonel Assingham, for instance—"the hollows of his eyes were deep and darksome, but the eyes, within them, were like little blue flowers plucked that morning." A score of such touches could be quoted by any student of the novels; here is another: "The point at which the soft declivity of Hampstead began at that time to confess in broken accents to St. John's Wood."

These, and a hundred other points, not only should be noted, but must be noted, by anyone who professes to expound the work of the most deliberate and conscientious artist of our day. The voiceless interchanges; the intense concentrations; the occasional annoyances of double negative or involved suspensions; the abrupt, effective use of slang and colloquialisms now and then; the persistent, amazing play on a single metaphor, sometimes through a whole chapter, with cumulative effect; the names, which often fit the characters as neatly as did those chosen by Dickens (who can forget poor, dull, decent Mrs. Bread in "The American"?—these things, for all the inquiring stranger can know who may wish to learn something of the style of the great author, do not exist for this critic. He prides himself, we think, on the fact that

\* *Henry James: A Critical Study.* By FORD MADOX HUEFFER. (Martin Secker. 7s. 6d. net.)

he has read practically everything that Mr. Henry James has written. We have no doubt of it; we believe, quite seriously, that he has read the cream of the world's literature. Why, then, in a "study" of pretensions, omit mention of the author's best books? "The Tragic Muse," and its elaboration of Peter Sherringham's predicament with Miriam Rooth and Nick Dormer's dilemma between art and politics; "The Sacred Fount," with its truly bewildering subtleties; "The Ambassadors," full of humour and with a perfectly delightful plot—one of Mr. James's most fascinating novels; "The Better Sort," that collection of stories, two or three of which must rank as among the score or so of the world's best—"The Beast in the Jungle," for instance, wherein sheer terror and remorse and agony of spirit are shown in the tremendous calm climax as probably none other could have shown them; "The Other House," a story of a beautiful and delicate situation; "The Bostonians," a detailed presentation of American life; "The Outcry," one of the most recent books; we believe we are right in saying that not one of these is even alluded to. The short stories alone should have had a brilliant chapter to themselves—and what opportunities are here lost for comparisons and contrasts! Nor is any notice taken of Mr. James's infrequent appearances as a dramatist. Mistakes are even made in the names of characters; Milly Theale and Merton Densher in "The Wings of the Dove" become Milly Strether and Morton Densher; while Dickens' Uriah Heep is given as Uriah Heap.

We are unfeignedly sorry thus to dismiss as almost useless a volume by Mr. Hueffer; but what other conclusion is possible? The chances are so lamentably missed at every turn; even in the section entitled "Methods," after a couple of excellent pages which lead us to hope for something memorable at last, all Mr. Hueffer can manage is to quote lengthily from Mr. James's own revealing prefaces to the collected edition; perhaps, however, this was really the wisest thing he could have done. He discusses the society pictured in the novels rather well, and his references to Balzac and Turgeneff are in the picture; but more than this is needed for a "critical study." We came across one paragraph, however, which struck us as illuminating:

I can't myself, for the life of me, see that a writer's subjects concern any soul but himself. They have nothing more to do with criticism than eggs with aeroplanes. A critic may like a class of subject or may dislike them—for myself I like books about fox-hunting better than any other book to have a good read in. I would rather read Tilbury Nogo than Daniel Deronda, and any book of Surtees than any book of George Meredith—excepting perhaps Evan Harrington, which is a jolly thing with a good description of country house cricket. . . .

This paragraph, which will serve as a fair sample of the author's style and grammar, explains a great deal.

W. L. R.

## Homage to Utamaro

THE life of Utamaro Kitagawa was a strange compound of pathos and triumph. Dissolute while still a boy, he was early ejected from home in consequence; and thenceforth his strength was slowly consumed, year after year, by the dread disease of nympholepsy, the result being that, when imprisoned for issuing a print libelling the Shogun, he had but a feeble constitution wherewith to confront this new reverse. Only fifty-two years of age though he was, his days were numbered; yet long before this he had become famous, not only throughout the whole of his native Japan, but even in China; and now, while he lay dying, the publishers thronged to his bedside, striving eagerly to acquire works from his hand. Throughout many years after his death, moreover, his style was copied persistently, some of the emulators going so far as to counterfeit the signature of the deceased; and it is strange that he should have won all this homage from his own generation—as strange as Goya's triumph in holding a place as court-painter under three successive kings—for, like the Spaniard, the Japanese was a rebel, beginning his career by opposing public opinion. At the date of his advent the wood-engravers of Japan were mostly engaged in delineating actors in character, and the man who eschewed this theme was apt to find slender market for his output; but the master refused to tread the broad road of pleasing the vulgar taste, and instead he chose paths of his own wherein to wander.

It were fulsome to write of Utamaro as a man of exceptional versatility, for, true nympholept that he was, he concerned himself mainly with doing endless studies of *filles de joie*; while certainly it was in this field of work that he achieved his finest triumphs, notably in the pictures he did for a very rare book called "Kuruwa Nenchiu Gioji," which is, being translated, "Annual of the Courtesan Quarter." Indeed, this is probably the loveliest volume ever issued, far transcending anything done by the Kelm-scott, Vale, or Eragny presses; and, turning the fragile pages, one is constrained to vow that whoso has not looked upon them has no conception of Utamaro's genius, perhaps no conception of the heights to which the craft of wood-engraving sometimes soared in old Japan.

Utamaro is the Mozart of the graphic arts, being like that composer a positive emblem of mastery over delicate harmony and rhythm. A few of his prints are as richly coloured as a passage in Gautier or Ruskin, but in general he deals exclusively with soft, dreamy shades; and these shades of his, so exquisitely unified always, are as subtle, as tender as those in the inner petals of a flower. And the lapidarian workmanship in the Japanese master—those intricate and fairy-like embroideries on the kimonos of his courtesans—these have their surest counterpart in the deft cadences of *Die Zauberflöte*. Many men have drawn with greater power than he, yet, just as Mozart constitutes a richer mine of varied



melody than any other composer, so too Utamaro is the most melodious of all draughtsmen, nearly every one of his prints being replete with lines which seem to ripple like waves on the shore, and almost tempt the hand to beat time. The most graceful of his draperies have a look of absolute naturalness, the folds of the kimonos seeming to have fallen of their own accord into the shapes wherein they are seen, and betraying no signs of studious arrangement on the artist's part; while though his composition is always so eminently eurythmic, and though one marks, on examination, that each separate factor is as vitally important to the whole lovely design as every note is in a symphony by Mozart, these factors invariably appear to stand just where they naturally would in life itself. Sometimes the various girls are grouped into a pattern nearly as intricate as those on old Celtic crosses, yet even on these occasions nothing reminds of the hand of the arranger; for the girls look as if they had been taken unawares and sketched precisely as they stood; they might have grown up like flowers or risen by an incantation, and the entire scene has that semblance of inevitability which characterises great tragedy.

Waiving altogether the aforesaid element in Utamaro, is he not essentially a tragedian? a minor tragedian, of course, yet perhaps as great a one as ever was produced by Japan, the land where a diet of lotus roots perforce begot a race incapable of art of real might. For though, like most of his compatriots, Utamaro eschewed depicting the human form realistically with the aid of modelling, and though sometimes no corporeal presence is indicated within the draperies he shows, these facts do not vitiate the foregoing contention that he combines truth with beauty, his studies of courtesans being singularly true to the actual spirit of the subject. It was part of his genius to evolve from this a refined art, a feat compassed by hardly any Europeans save Crackanthorpe and Baudelaire; while, again in contradistinction to most Occidentals, he was never tempted into being sentimental about this theme of his, courtesanship being in his native land a legitimate and reputable institution. Yet even in Japan the Yoshiwara has its tragic aspect—just the little tragedy of a faded flower, or of a theatre seen by daylight the morning after a glittering performance—and is not this little tragedy enshrined with divine certainty in Utamaro's achievement? Triumphant where divers other sufferers from nympholepsy have failed—Raphael, for instance—he crystallised his malady in his art, charging all he did with an aroma of world-weariness, a pensiveness which is strangely winning. The burthen of each of his works is—

That music and splendour

Survive not the lamp and the lute,

while the girls move with a certain drowsy languor, seeming to say with the imperishable poet of "London Nights":

And now we are a little tired

Of the eternal carnival.

W. G. BLAICKIE MURDOCH.

## REVIEWS

### A Royalist in Two Countries

*Ombres Françaises et Visions Anglaises.* By COMTE D'HAUSSONVILLE. (Bernard Grasset, Paris. 3 fr. 50.)

THE Comte d'Haussonville has given us in "Ombres Françaises et Visions Anglaises" a work that divides accurately and symmetrically into two self-contained halves. There would, at first sight, appear to be no reason why the two halves should not form two separate books. But there is a thread; invisible to the casual beholder, it yet, with the tenacity characteristic of invisible bonds, binds together the author's observations into a consistent whole. For M. d'Haussonville is a Royalist. The shades he calls up are the shades of French Royalists, of the last men who truly believed that it was possible "to restore at this time the kingdom to Israel." The question that M. d'Haussonville came to England to answer was: "Do monarchy and the passion of loyalty exist anywhere in modern Europe as living realities?" The answer he feels able to give is a triumphant affirmative.

Though we have reasons of our own for finding the English part of the book the more interesting, the French part has its fascination. The author is in a position to know many things that have not been noised abroad. His long and loyal service of the Comte de Paris, the important part he played in many Royalist campaigns, and his intimate knowledge of two generations of French politics, give his words a rare and imposing authority. Moreover, we may quote, as unimpeachable witness to character, a fellow-Academician of his—M. Anatole France: "M. d'Haussonville n'a pas de souci plus grand que celui de la justice." Sometimes, however, we are driven to wonder whether the very nearness of the throne may not have been an obstacle to perfect vision. For instance, M. d'Haussonville was constant in his disapproval of any abetting of Boulanger; he seems to have been repeatedly assured and more or less convinced that no material assistance had been given. Yet certain recent evidence seems to show that the General was largely subsidised out of Royalist funds.

The portrait of the Comte de Paris is a work of piety. The pathos of exile is never so poignant as in the case of an able and patriotic Prince. We have met many excellent Frenchmen who are incapable of separating the ideas of "la France" and "la République Française." It is a pity, for there are many worshippers of "la France" for whom the two expressions are not synonymous, and many rare and great gifts of patriotic devotion have thus been wasted and thrown away. Portraits of princes are sometimes unsatisfactory; the pen of the courtier is apt to be a leveller of the most pernicious and indiscriminating type; the panegyrics of a Henri IV and a Louis XV have been known to be

almost interchangeable. But M. d'Haussonville has the vision of love as well as the vision of loyalty. Another interesting feature of the French part is the life of Duke Albert de Broglie, wisest and most patriotic of the Royalists who have endured the French Republic.

The English part of the book is a kind of trilogy in three "visions." They describe three visits, each lasting about a week, made in 1910, 1911, and 1913, respectively. Our distinguished visitor had been much distressed by the "sombres pronostics" that he had heard about the future of the English State; he went away reassured. He finds that the English still believe in their kings, and that their kings still work for England. The ideal of the Comte de Paris, which included Henri IV and excluded "le Roi Soleil," is here almost satisfied. The English aristocracy still means something, and the English parties are grappling with modern problems in a true constructive spirit. Yet there is Mr. Lloyd George, and M. d'Haussonville is somewhat disturbed by the reflection. But there are many other statesmen to redress the balance, and our visitor finds them in both the principal parties. The end is certainly not yet.

In 1910 M. d'Haussonville came to see England suffering from a General Election; in 1911 he came to see her rejoicing in a Coronation; in 1913—"j'ai voulu la voir dans sa vie normale." On all three occasions he was extraordinarily thorough. In election-time he heard most of the leading orators of both the principal parties, though he somehow failed, in spite of frequently expressed aspirations, to hear Mr. Lloyd George. We suspect a lack of resolution; Liberal-Conservative opinions and the French Academy were a bad starting-point for the adventure. In 1911 he "did" the Coronation—including the decorations, the Naval Review and the Shakespeare Ball—exhaustively. In 1913 his tireless gaze swept the horizon of our institutions with incredible success.

M. d'Haussonville claims to be "un des rares Français qui aiment Londres." He certainly knows our great city, and he sees many things in her that we are apt to miss. He was especially anxious to get at the bed-rock of modern conditions—"die Sache der Armen." He uses a characteristic short cut to obtain this knowledge. "Jamais je ne vais à Londres sans rendre visite à l'Armée du Salut." Well, the Salvation Army is a great agency for good, even if it does seem to claim a monopoly in philanthropy, and, when time presses, "l'Agence Cook" can show you in a week more of a city, even of the city of Misery, than the oldest inhabitant and the most philosophical guide. Our guest is terribly impressed by our lowest *strata*. "Je constate" (*à propos* of the sandwich-men) "combien la misère est différente d'aspect et plus dégradée à Londres qu'à Paris." This reflection is repeated on many occasions. It is, after all, the bed-rock problem; may it be solved by Liberal-Conservatives like our author, and not by the Socialists!

M. d'Haussonville can never see an English public

speaker with his fingers "dans les revers de sa redingote" without astonishment. The presence of lady relatives of the speaker on the platform is another permanent joy: "à la prochaine réunion je m'attends à voir aussi les enfants avec leur bonne." He is agreeably surprised to find that Cabinet Ministers do the round of the country, whereas in electioneering France "chacun ne s'occupe que de sa petite affaire." The Coronation decorations are dismissed as crude, but the comfort and elegance of our taxis receives high praise, and are assigned as the reason why French manufacturers lost this market. There are some sound considerations, from a French point of view, on Protection, and the visitor thinks that the English rule of fair play was somewhat violated during the attack on the House of Lords.

We will conclude with the opening words of this most entertaining book: "Je crains bien que ce gros volume ne soit le vingt-et-unième publié par moi. Au moins devrais-je promettre que ce sera le dernier. Mais, si Dieu me prête vie, je ne m'engage à rien." A sturdy and most praiseworthy resolution! May M. d'Haussonville long avoid the fate of the "petit poisson," and may we be there to read his twenty-second volume!

## Some Ancient Villages

*Villages of the White Horse.* By ALFRED WILLIAMS.  
(Duckworth and Co. 5s. net.)

IN days when so many people rush through the land in motors, seeing so much, but knowing so little, of real country life, of the people or of Nature, it is quite refreshing to read the work of a genuine observer of men and things, the harvest of a thoughtful mind. Evidently Mr. Alfred Williams possesses the rare gift of penetration beyond the well-known reserve of the rustic peasantry, who appear to converse with him almost as readily as with each other, judging by the freedom with which they have told him delightful stories of their lives and doings. He wanders from cottage to cottage and seems welcome everywhere. The theatre of this fascinating book is laid among the villages which cluster under both ridges of the Wiltshire Downs, from Wroughton, south of Swindon, to the famous White Horse Hill, along the Icknield Way. Mr. Williams claims that "these villages are some of the most ancient in the world, having been first of all inhabited by remote prehistoric peoples, then by the early Britons in their fortified camps, next they were Roman stations, afterwards Saxon villages, then Danish settlements, and, finally, as we know them here, strongly and typically English, second to none in the land."

The author is a master of local dialect, so much so, that at times the dialogue becomes almost unintelligible to the ordinary reader. He says that, wherever he has gone, he has found "the villagers industrious, sturdy in principle, breezily optimistic, cheerful, philosophic,



and exceedingly kind-hearted, but poor—much poorer, in fact, than they ought to be in this wonder-working age of ours." Yet he himself admits that, though wages may be low, there are many perquisites and compensations unknown to the artisans of cities and towns—a fact which we have often observed, and one which is invariably neglected and overlooked by statisticians and Socialist statesmen. It must not be supposed that this book consists of essays—far from it. It is rather a series of dramatic pictures and sketches, full of life, anecdote and humour, together with charming Nature-studies. It introduces us to the people in their homes and in the field. It gives the most vivid impression of how they live, of what they think, and of what they say. We have known country life for many years, but we are bound to confess that we have not known it as this observant writer knows it. It would be quite impossible in a short notice to give extracts which would do justice to the great amount of interesting information contained in this very interesting book, which we heartily commend to all who care about the ways and doings of remote villagers. The last chapter gives an account of White Horse Hill, Uffington Village, and Tom Brown's School. The famous scouring of the Horse, the revels, sports and games have long since passed away. The cleansing and renovation is now done by workmen of the estate. There are very few survivors left of those who took part in the great Revel of 1857, though there are two or three—one man who is nearly ninety, who can relate most of what happened then, and who knew many of those mentioned by Judge Hughes in his book. Times are changing, but long may these villages and villagers retain their attractive characteristics.

### An Amateur Vagabond

*The Friendly Road.* By DAVID GRAYSON. (Andrew Melrose and Co. 5s. net.)

If ease in writing were a prime virtue in literature, Mr. Grayson would stand very high. And who shall say, in these days of self-conscious art, that it is not? Certainly it is a delight to discover a book in which there is no pose, no striving after effect, no "precious" use of words. The spontaneous naturalness of Mr. Grayson's style is as refreshing as his unconventional matter. His previous book, "Adventures in Contentment," described how a weary townsman, feeling the artificiality and bondage of his life, escaped to the country and lived on a small farm. It is a very idyllic story, and it loses none of its romance from the fact that it is American. After some years of this experience the writer begins to feel that even farm-life may have its bondage. In his own words, "So often we think in a superior and lordly manner of our possessions, when, as a matter of fact, we do not really possess them; they possess us." He could not get free

all at once—"it required several days to break the habit of cows and hens"—but he starts off on a pilgrimage of uncertain length, careless of destination, and with a minimum of cash. His money is soon exhausted, but he continues his wanderings and lives by his wits—from which point his book becomes extraordinarily interesting. Yet he is never put to any mean or unworthy shifts; and in each of his devices to obtain food and lodging he manages to point a moral in an unobtrusive and therefore very effective fashion.

In his brief preface Mr. Grayson says: "If you chance to be a truly serious person, put down my book." We disagree with this; rather, if you chance to be a truly serious person, take up this book, provided that you have a sense of humour, for that is necessary. Indeed, we believe that if any flippant folk get hold of this volume they will soon be found in a very serious frame, for, with all its ease, it induces thought. Mr. Grayson has an eye for the symbolism of his adventures, and in the course of his book nearly every great problem of human life is hinted at. This propensity is seen at its best in the chapter entitled "I Play the Part of a Spectacle-Pedlar," but it is so amusing that we laugh and cogitate in the same moment.

Mr. Grayson's method of procedure in his hour of need is to go and work alongside the person or persons from whom he decides he will get the necessities of life. This leads to some strange encounters, but, in his pages at least, it never fails. As a method it may be successful in the great Western Continent, but we fear that in our more insular life it would not always lead to such happy results. The only suspicion of unnaturalness appears in the two encounters with the Vedders. On the first of these he discovers them living the simple life in a house by the side of the road, and endeavouring to forget their wealth. Their confronting him with his own earlier book and his compulsory acknowledgment as the blushing author is almost too good to be true. And Mr. Vedder appears almost too much as a *deus ex machina* in the strike episode near the end. True, stranger things have happened in real life, so we absolve the author.

For the rest, his book is like a breeze of springtime, as we hope this passage, which shows him of the true vagabond order, fully attests:

Now I usually prefer the little roads, the little, unexpected, curving, leisurely country roads. The sharp hills, the pleasant, deep valleys, the bridges not too well kept, the verdure deep-grown along old fences, the houses opening hospitably at the very roadside, all these things I love. They come to me with the same sort of charm and flavour, only vastly magnified, which I find often in the essays of the older writers—those leisurely old fellows who took time to write, *really* write. The important thing to me about a road, as about life and literature, is not that it goes anywhere, but that it is livable while it goes. For if I were to arrive—and who knows that I ever shall arrive?—I think I should be no happier than I am here.

## The Primrose Path

*Reminiscent Gossip of Men and Matters.* By JAMES BAKER, F.R.G.S. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

THE author is here seen as the most casual go-as-you-please writer that we have met for many a long day. Versatility is generally accepted as a curse to the literary man; if it be a vice, it is one to which we are particularly kind, but Mr. Baker carries the matter a trifle beyond the borderland of reason. It is all very well with an essay, as in "The Epistle to a Young Friend" of Burns, to find that—

Perhaps it may turn out a song,  
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

but to be scared and guided by the *ignis fatuus* of the author's recollections throughout some thirty chapters is a weariness to the mind.

It would appear that Mr. Baker prepares his essays with the aid of old note-books in which he has written down any odd matter that seemed at the moment of interest to himself. These often trite and obvious memoranda he now develops into short articles freely sprinkled with marks of exclamation and interrogation, which leave us rather cold. His exegesis on these texts are not very enlivening.

He boldly states that "there is a subtle charm in looking over old note-books, wherein, as the years have flown on, facts have been commented on, striking incidents noted, travel hints preserved, books culled from, and thoughts inscribed." We wish we could share this simple faith with Mr. Baker, but it is too courageous and general a statement for us. If the present book of reminiscent gossip be an example of such a method, we own that the result is disappointing—but not, of course, to the writer of the book. He, at least, has the memory of a thousand adventures behind his written word. The kings of the earth supply him with what he considers amusing stories; the philosophy of all the races of men engages his interest and delight. Just how it happens that a writer of such wide experience, and, doubtless, great achievements, should produce a book which, notwithstanding its light and varied method, remains dull and futile, is something of a psychological mystery. We have tried to solve it in the reading of Mr. Baker's book, and our conclusion is that the fault must lie with us. The primrose path of reminiscent dalliance which has so often given us pleasure appears on this occasion barred against our best endeavours; the casual quotations and the extracts from older writers, which might well be of value, appear as a twice-told tale. But other readers may find the pleasure we have missed.

Mr. Baker thus explains what is before you in one of his essays: "Facts and persons, extracts from books under notice at the moment, notes for expeditions, a perfect *olla podrida* are these little note-books. Not a review of the times, but glimpses into some of the great events of the world's history for many a year." And if you like that kind of thing, and Mr. Baker's style generally, "Reminiscent Gossip of Men and Matters" is just the book to get from the library.

## A Prophet and His Honour

*Hector Berlioz (1803-1869). Sa Vie et ses Œuvres.* By J. G. PROD'HOMME. (Ch. Delagrave, Paris. 3 fr. 50.)

THE "Grand Siècle" still hangs heavy over France. The mother and grandmother of Academies has not lost her ancient power of chastising the solitary artist. In two of the arts the modern right of private combination has partially redressed the balance; "cénacles" and "salons des refusés" have shown that organised revolt can make quite comfortable homes for the unorthodox of poetry or of painting. Independent genius may still starve, if it will, but simple unorthodoxy, tempered with sociability, is assured of subsistence. For music the hour of deliverance has not yet struck. Perhaps it will never strike. Music is the most individualistic of the arts; it abhors coteries. Revolt has often prospered, but generally through the sheer force of a creative personality. We may say that for the last century and a quarter music has done nothing but revolt, and that at the present moment the revolt is spreading. The Futurists seem even to be forming the first musical Trades Union.

When Berlioz fought for his revolutionary music, which he himself regarded as merely in the tradition and as opposed to Wagner's "musique de l'avenir," there was no "foyer de révolte" round which miscellaneous rebels might rally. The artist must either storm the doors of the academies or pass a contract with Mæcenæ. For the latter our particular artist had an unqualified respect. Unfortunately, the Mæcenæ of Berlioz' day was as elusive as Proteus, being the successive creature of many revolutions, and when found he was not always easy to command. Political revolutions are not kind to artistic revolutions; they have no time. Berlioz based great hopes on Napoleon III, and was not long in seeing them collapse.

The chief result of Berlioz' difficulties, or the result most pertinent to the matter in hand, is that Berlioz' life is uncommonly interesting. The lives of artists, of musicians especially, may or may not "oft remind us" of various important matters, but they are apt to be rather dull. The career of Berlioz was by no means dull. A good deal of it was mere squabbling, but in its essence it was a fight for the good against the bad—for truth against conventions and for the dignity of art against the mercenaries. Sometimes the indefatigable fighter struck rather blindly and wounded friends with his blows. He quarrelled absurdly with Wagner, after a long friendship distinguished by extraordinary forbearance on the part of the Bayreuth master. It is true that there were fundamental differences in the points of view of the two composers. In Berlioz' accomplished work Wagner saw only platitude and promise; to Berlioz Wagner represented anarchy in art, and "la musique de l'avenir" was a pretentious puzzle. Wagner regarded the theatre as the temple of the highest music; Berlioz said "les théâtres sont à la musique *sicut amori lupanar.*"



It is no very rash assertion to make that Berlioz is the greatest of French musicians. Leaving out of the question some of the moderns, such as Debussy and Ravel, there is no name in the history of French music that stands more emphatically for an ideal and for a progress. What that ideal was and in what direction that progress tended the composer has not explicitly told us, and could probably never have told us. We find it ourselves in the somewhat negative ideal of freedom. However that may be, Berlioz suffered something very like martyrdom in the cause of his art. From the day when his *Symphonie funèbre et triomphale* was drowned on the Place de la Bastille by the untimely accompaniment of regimental drums, to that on which, leaving his bed to vote for a friend at the Institute, he signed his own death-warrant, his life in France contained little but mortifications and sacrifices. Abroad every honour awaited him: in Germany, Russia and England he was acclaimed and adored; princes, cities and orchestras vied with each other in their homage and their gifts. But his glance always wandered back to his ungrateful Parisians. France had seen but one great native musical genius in several generations, and she rejected him. It is true that she has since built the sepulchre of the prophet, but the prophet had to be killed first.

Adolphe Adam was foremost among the detractors of Berlioz, and his criticisms are monuments of what criticisms ought not to be. There is a passage on a newly-heard composition that might do for an almost literal paraphrase of the famous "Bab Ballad":—

It was jerky, spasmodic—of that I'm aware;  
But still, it distinctly suggested an air!

The best excuse for Berlioz' critics was that their quarry was also a penman—"le seul musicien qui écrit," says Adam. He filled countless columns of the *Débats* with his *feuilletons*, and only desisted when he had secured a competence that made him independent of them. Nor did he omit to praise himself.

The sentimental life of Berlioz is a mixture of farce and tragedy. He married twice, an Englishwoman—Harriet Smithson, the great Shakespearean actress—and a Spaniard, and he had countless love-affairs. The taunting visit of the second to the first Mme. Berlioz is a most unpleasant and chilling episode. On the other hand, it is impossible not to smile at the picture of the original Mme. Berlioz trying to keep pace with her husband's infidelities. "Le cœur de Berlioz allait si vite qu'elle ne pouvait pas le suivre; quand, à force de rechercher, elle était tombée sur l'objet de la passion de son mari, cette passion avait changé."

Berlioz' work is best represented by passages from the "Damnation de Faust" and by the overture to "Benvenuto Cellini"; but his life and his effort were greater than his achievement. He deserves the special remembrance of Englishmen as one of the real creators of the Philharmonic Society and a pioneer of musical taste in England.

## Synge, and Irish Drama

*John Millington Synge and the Irish Theatre.* By MAURICE BOURGEOIS. Illustrated. (Constable and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

*Irish Plays and Playwrights.* By CORNELIUS WEYGANDT. (Constable and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

It is inevitable, perhaps, that every significant movement should be arrested, should be hindered from going forward and discovering the natural outcome of its intention, by the presence of those who have been attracted by its first success, and who come, not as workers, but as critics, with their baneful gift of self-consciousness. There is no doubt—there are many in Ireland to deplore it—that the first fine promise of Irish drama has been hindered in this way; and that the cause of it has been the presence of something that is well indicated by these two books. It is worthy of remark that both writers should be students coming from other countries. In each case the whole of the literature has been covered with a thoroughness that has left nothing unread: not even the remotest articles in the remotest journals. M. Bourgeois especially has been indefatigable; and his book is, indeed, a remarkable achievement for a young writer in a strange tongue. But the symptoms remain. And the result in Irish drama is only too manifest.

We have said that the evil this larger and merely critical interest has brought has been premature self-consciousness. Obviously this is so; and it is best seen when Synge becomes, as he has now inevitably become, the centre of interest. The present writer yields to none in his admiration for Synge's genius. He felt this from the beginning, and has expressed it frequently. But there is no disguising the fact that Synge, more than any other, has arrested the movement of which he was a part—or, rather, not Synge so much as the indiscriminating attention a certain purely fortuitous set of circumstances has created about his name. The quaint anomaly that now has come about is this: that if dramatists do not write like Synge they are not conceived as Irish, and if they do they are conceived as disciples. His brutality of outlook—not an expression of strength, but a revolt against his physical weakness—has made a vogue of mere photographic actualism. When men write, as the Western people speak, English in the Gaelic syntax and idiom, it is said that they, in M. Bourgeois' words, "write in 'Syngeese.'" Presumably, *An Craoibhin* wrote the "Love Songs of Connacht" in "Syngeese." Of course, the truth is that Synge derived the hint of the possible uses of the Gaelic idiom as much from Dr. Hyde as from anyone. He himself admitted so much in words that M. Bourgeois is careful to quote, but which we think he has not heeded as much as he might have done. Synge's individuality inevitably came into play: as, for example, when, failing to catch the abrupt cadence with which the people give hardness to their speech, he attempted to gain the same end by holding to the monotony of sweetness and loading it with a

brutality of metaphor more proper to the revolt of his mind than to the speech of the people. But these are incidental considerations. The main fact is that the praisers of Synge have come to crush the movement that Synge himself would have wished to carry into newer fields. When he died, the newer fields were, as M. Bourgeois points out, in his immediate vision; yet they seem incalculably remote now from the point of view of Anglo-Irish drama.

It will seem churlish to speak of M. Bourgeois' book in this way, in view of the inexhaustible patience with which it has been accumulated, and particularly churlish in face of his kindly references to the present writer. Moreover, his own frankness is disarming. He says that Synge himself would not have read books upon himself, least of all the present one. We may believe that such books that fasten on one adventitious success in a wide movement, marring the movement in a chorus of ill-considered acclamation which demands the conformity of the movement to that one outstanding success, can work nothing but harm; but when we are faced by M. Bourgeois' particular book it is difficult to be hard. Synge's work, as too many writers forget altogether, was but half done—the cadences of verse-drama lay ahead; but that cannot be said of M. Bourgeois' book. He has gone about with attentive ear, and, undoubtedly, an attentive pencil; hearing everything, noting all things. Some of the conversations that have been recorded are possibly of discomfort to his interlocutors of the past—the present writer has one slight grudge on this account, which is of small moment; but everyone and everything has been called upon to subserve the book. Moreover, M. Bourgeois has woven them together, if not always with judgment, yet certainly with skill. Therefore, the book is an invaluable storehouse of information, and should be extremely serviceable. We were surprised, knowing his extensive information, to note that he has perpetuated the false impression that the Abbey Theatre and the Irish Literary Theatre were coextensive, one being the flower of the other; and that W. B. Yeats and Lady Gregory were at the beginnings of both. The truth, of course, is that the movement was started before either by a number of playwrights, including Mr. Padraic Colum; and that it was Miss Horniman's money that gave Mr. Yeats, and through him Lady Gregory, the ascendancy in a movement they did not originate—one of the results of which ascendancy may be seen in the fact that the plays of the original circle are not included in the present repertory, whereas plays by such Continental writers as Strindberg are. M. Bourgeois has been wise in avoiding any hint of the contentions that have occurred; but in this instance his facts have not been altogether justly presented.

Mr. Weygandt's book is concerned with a wider subject, and is an excellent example of American journalism bound in covers. If one laments the inevitable distortion that a book like M. Bourgeois' means, despite its patience, its care and its labour, we can only resent "Irish Plays and Playwrights." It is, as we have said, pure journalism, and sycophantic journalism at that.

It adds little to our store of actual historical information, and makes no attempt at critical examination, though it is liberal of appraisal. Those who have had any experience of American professional literature will know precisely what to expect, and they will not be disappointed. The more general reader, to whom a book is something beyond his morning paper, both in substance and virtue, will be both disappointed and puzzled. He will be puzzled at an element in the book which simply is this, that Mr. Weygandt, no doubt unconsciously, has been influenced into writing a partisan work without making that partisanship so evident that the looker-on may judge. This is not his fault: it is the fault of writing of a movement from the outside. It is not for nothing that his best chapter deals with a personality that has always remained outside all movements of a purely literary sort: "AE." His examination of "AE's" work and influence, without a doubt the greatest single influence and the best sustained of the whole "literary revival," does indeed advance one's information, though it, too, is immersed in the spirit of the reporter out for copy. In conclusion, both of these books are characteristic of a tendency that we cannot but conceive to be bad: M. Bourgeois' is well and capably done, whereas Mr. Weygandt's enforces the necessary evil by the pure spirit of the reporter.

## The Civil Service

*How to Enter the Civil Service.* By E. A. CARR.  
(Alexander Moring. 2s. 6d. net.)

THERE was a time when the would-be humorist was accustomed to put to his friends the conundrum, "Why are Civil Servants like the fountains in Trafalgar Square?" and expect the reply, "Because they play from ten to four." If the joke ever had a point that point has certainly long been blunted, for the hours of Civil Servants are not nowadays from ten to four, and, whatever they do during the working day, they certainly have no time for play. One may say, even, that Civil Servants are among the hardest workers in the country. The amount of their work varies with the different offices, but in some, such as the Post Office, the Civil Servant has to spend a very strenuous official day. Differing from the members of other professions, his work is by no means finished when he leaves the office at the end of the business day. The Civil Service is probably the worst remunerated of all the professions. In very few cases, apart from the members of the Higher Division, is an adequate salary paid, and in the case of the Higher Division the salaries offered are not such as are likely to tempt the best brains in the country. As a consequence, most Civil Servants, especially those who are married, are compelled to supplement, or even double, their official incomes by means of writing, teaching, and other occupations. As a result, the

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whole of the energies of Civil Servants are seldom at the disposal of the State. Apart, however, from the inadequate salaries, common to all ranks—for instance, the Secretary to the Post Office, the head of a business which dwarfs its nearest rivals almost into insignificance, receives only £2,000 a year, about a fifth of the salary of the manager of a bank or a railway company—the caste system, which governs all staff questions in the Service, serves as an ever-present discouragement to all below the level of the Higher Division.

The Second Division clerk, no matter how intense his zeal on his entry, sooner or later realises the hopelessness of his position, the life sentence of helotry which he has to serve. His enthusiasm is soon crushed out of him; his ambition, if it survives, is directed into non-official channels. As a consequence, the State he is willing to give the best that is in him receives but the dregs. His freshest energies are reserved for other masters. His only hope is to attain to the fortunate position of being able to resign his membership of H.M.C.S. In this manner is explained the dead level of mediocrity to be found throughout the Civil Service, the inert hand of precedent supreme everywhere, and, as consequences, the gross incompetencies which led to the War Office muddle during the course of the South African War, and the procrastination and negligence at the Board of Trade which made that Department a participant in the tragedy of the *Titanic*. A Royal Commission on the Civil Service is at present considering the terms of its report. It is to be hoped that the Commissioners have found some means of reinvigorating the army of Civil Servants and of restoring to them the encouragement and the hope, without which no one can work with satisfactory results, of which the present system has deprived nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand.

Mr. Carr, in writing a guide for the Civil Service aspirant, has painted the colours of the Service in the liveliest possible hues. Between the lines, however, one can read that he is by no means unmindful of the very many serious blemishes which tend to spoil the beauty of the profession of which he is a member. It is obvious that Mr. Carr feels how much room there is for improvement in the organisation of the Service. He is, however, not concerned with Civil Servants so much as with would-be Civil Servants. For these latter, his guide fulfils its purpose as well as any book can do so.

It is nearly two and a half years since a MS. entitled "Pot-Pourri Parisien," bearing several addresses, was left at Mr. Murray's office by the author, who promised to call for it in a few days' time. He has not kept that promise, and communication with every address has proved futile. If the author sees this paragraph, will he kindly make his whereabouts known to Mr. Murray?

## Another M.P. in India

*India of To-day.* By E. C. MEYSEY-THOMPSON, M.P. With a Map. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s. net.)

INDIA should be kept out of party politics, and Mr. Meysey-Thompson, the Conservative member for Handsworth, might well have omitted his occasional "digs" at the Liberal Government. This book is apparently meant as a corrective of the works of Radical visitors to India, with which we are familiar. Where they generally disparage the Indian Civil Service as a selfish bureaucracy, Mr. Meysey-Thompson records his entire appreciation of the present system of administration, and suggests strengthening that Service. He does not explain how this would be compatible with the lavish donation of appointments to natives of India which he advocates, and he does not meet the practical difficulties when he proposes selection by preliminary nomination, followed by competitive examination. His assertion "that rank is, at least in India, a necessary concomitant of ability" cannot be accepted as correct. In fact, Mr. Meysey-Thompson is generally so inexperienced an observer that his deductions can hardly be relied upon. His admiration for Lord Curzon and the latter's educational reform is so great that he thinks, "as their effect is gradually felt, so will decline the numbers and influence of that discontented crowd of unemployed 'intellectuals' without discipline and without paternal reverence." The contrary is more likely. The "intellectuals" form a microscopic minority. As education expands, the crowd of semi-educated, unemployed, discontented will increase, not decline.

Mr. Meysey-Thompson has rightly diagnosed certain facts which he could hardly have missed—namely, "the enormously increasing prosperity of the country under the present administration, caused by the security to life and property, the certainty of impartial justice in the English Courts, the opening-up of the country by roads and railways, the great extension of the systems of irrigation, and the protection to life afforded by the splendidly organised system of providing relief in case of famine." And he has endeavoured, though with varying success, to probe beneath the surface in various directions, such as the Administration, Local Self-government, Education, the Partition of Bengal, Land Revenue, Taxation, Social and other grievances, and Political Reforms. Some important subjects—Military and Frontier affairs, and the relations with the Native States, he has apparently not studied. His conclusions cannot always be accepted: for instance, when he asserts that "on all sides the necessity for some partition—of Bengal—was admitted." The increase of population was almost entirely in the numbers of the cultivating classes. Decentralisation and devolution would have relieved the highest authorities. The matter is too complicated to discuss further here. Mr. Meysey-Thompson is hard upon Secretariats and the Bengal administration. There is nothing to show that he has heard both sides of the questions he touches upon.

This is the error of itinerant M.P.'s. Being on the search for information, they are receptive: being pressed for time, they accept statements without sifting them. Nor can they always read correctly, or know what to read, though certain excellent Handbooks to India supply the information required. Mr. Meysey-Thompson has made some strange mistakes. Any schoolboy who has read Macaulay's essay on Clive knows that Clive captured Arcot and (with the aid of Admiral Watson) recaptured Calcutta: but Madras was not "brilliantly recaptured" by him, as Mr. Meysey-Thompson mistakenly writes, or by any other commander. Clive had not a roving mandate to recover lost cities. Madras was restored after peace was declared, not recaptured. Mr. Meysey-Thompson has summarised Indian history from Plassey to the Mutiny, exactly a hundred years, in ten lines, with the satisfactory conclusion that "thus by degrees the greater part of India came under our beneficent rule, and peace and prosperity were found to follow the British flag."

Such a summary is too brief. The prosperity is manifest. The peace is not so certain, when so much is heard of unrest and outbreaks. Mr. Meysey-Thompson has picked up a valuable hint or two, on which it would be easy to dilate, such as the unsuitability of the legal system; but he might have added that, as law is indispensable, the remedy lies in adapting the law to the requirements. The natives can, and do, resort to the Courts, not to obtain justice only, but to wreak vengeance on their enemies by legal process: and the executive administration is paralysed by the subtleties of acute lawyers arguing to weak tribunals. It is impossible to supply here all Mr. Meysey-Thompson's deficiencies or correct his various errors of fact. He is entitled to his own views; but it may be permissible to suggest to him a longer stay in India, to make further inquiries, hear both sides, verify his history, and then write promptly before an interval of some years has damaged the value of his narrative: he will perhaps learn to discredit the alleged proverb that "in the British Ráj the sweeper is king," as insulting as it is incorrect.

The Annual General Meeting of the Royal Meteorological Society was held on Wednesday evening, January 21, at the Institution of Civil Engineers, Great George Street, Westminster, Mr. C. J. P. Cave, M.A., president, in the chair. The president presented to Mr. W. H. Dines, F.R.S., the Symons Gold Medal for 1914, which the Council had awarded him in recognition of his distinguished work in connection with meteorological science. Mr. Cave in his presidential address dealt fully with the subject of upper air research. He pointed out that research in the upper air may be by means of manned balloon with observer and instrument, or by self-registering instruments sent up in kite, captive balloon, or free balloon, and discussed each method in a most interesting manner.

## In Unknown Africa

*Through Jubaland to the Lorian Swamp.* By I. N. DRACOPOLI. (Seeley, Service and Co. 16s. net.)

FAR distant, we believe, is the day when Africa will cease to provide fresh fields for conquest by the explorer, the sportsman, and the naturalist. However old in fact, there is still much that is new to the modern world to be found in huge tracts yet untrodden by the foot of the white man. Great Britain has not even had time in twenty years of occupation to survey and map out her Protectorate in East Africa—which is hardly astonishing when one considers the extent of country lying between Abyssinia and German East Africa, and between the Indian Ocean and the Albert Nyanza. Otherwise, Mr. Dracopoli would not be able to describe his book as an account of "an adventurous journey of exploration and sport in the unknown African forests and deserts of Jubaland to the undiscovered Lorian Swamp." We do not agree that in a few years the opportunity for adventurous exploration in what not so long ago was the Dark Continent will have passed. Mr. Dracopoli's own record shows how little we really know of Jubaland, and books such as his and Colonel Stigand's "Land of Zinj" will sharpen the desire of heroic spirits who are not satisfied to follow in the wake of the Churchills and the Roosevelts along the almost hackneyed route of the misnamed Uganda Railway, through Uganda to the Nile. Mr. Dracopoli evidently anticipates developments in the deserts and bush-land which he succeeded in crossing without serious mishap—a remarkable proof of the reality of British influence, however little it may seem to be in evidence in Somali or Borana villages, hundreds of miles from Kismayu or Nairobi.

The state of affairs Mr. Dracopoli found in Jubaland cannot, he says, last very long. "Its inhabitants are living to-day in the same fashion that their forefathers lived centuries ago. Its wild animals roam undisturbed over its wide and silent plains, or lie unmolested in the shadow of its bush." Except to the explorer who will face the Arctic terrors of Labrador or the tropic terrors of a Sahara with equal indifference in order to discover the secret of the unknown, and to the sportsman or naturalist who is prepared to go anywhere and endure anything for the sake of big game or a new specimen, Jubaland can have no peculiar attractions. To be quite frank, the country for the pioneer who was not a sportsman, as Mr. Dracopoli is, would be appalling in its chequered monotony. Its long stretches of desert and wilderness are relieved by few geographical features of interest; and progress through its scrub and thorn-bushes seems often to have been pretty much what one might expect if one went hunting through barbed-wire entanglements. Its population is more or less nomad, driven from place to place by the necessity of finding pastures for its cattle, and villages of any importance are as few and far between as the rivers and water-holes. Yet it is a British possession, and as such ought not to be left indefinitely in the primitive state in which



we took it over. Perhaps when the sportsman, for whom at least Joreh has been called a paradise, elects to pay it serious attention, it may begin to move forward to that doubtful goal of civilisation from which some would preserve it. Whether developments are possible on economic lines, in the way of agriculture and of forestry, aided by irrigation and water-storage, we do not gather. Mr. Dracopoli thinks much might be done to encourage trade with the natives. They have sheep and cattle in great numbers, which they might well be encouraged to exchange for rice, cotton and iron. It is, however, difficult to see how transport difficulties are to be got over, and Mr. Dracopoli does not seem to have taken them into account.

His twin object in going to Jubaland was geography and sport, and he accomplished much in both directions. Hunter's hartebeeste, Grant's gazelle, Grévy's zebra and the rest afforded plenty of occupation and excitement, whilst lion, elephant, and rhino' are about, though they did not come within Mr. Dracopoli's range. The interest of his book is on the side of sport: the value is in its contribution to geographical accuracy, if, as we must assume, his observations have correctly located places as to which the sketch-maps hitherto available were misleading. "The position of the Lorian Swamp varied on the different sheets by nearly one degree," but this is not strange, seeing that the natives themselves did not know the country between Gulola and Lorian. A good deal of misapprehension appears to exist with regard to the meaning of native names. "Lak" and "Lagga," for instance, both mean a river that runs only after rains. "Lak Guranlugga," given on some maps, is equivalent to saying "River Guran River." We hope Mr. Dracopoli's information on the scientific side is more precise than in some other respects. He says Jenner was murdered in 1905 by the Somali whilst attempting to make the journey to Lorian Swamp: Jenner was killed in 1900 or 1901. He tells us that the Maribou storks have certain feathers under the tail worth £12 an ounce, but that six birds have to be killed to secure one ounce. Under the picture of the bird, he says that three yield an ounce. The book would have made much better reading if it had been revised by someone with an eye to redundancy and repetition: these, however, are small points, and do not seriously detract from the value of a work which seems to us to be a real contribution to our knowledge of Africa. Mr. Dracopoli may at least claim the credit due to one who has trodden a part of the country in which no white man was ever seen before. The book is well illustrated from photographs.

Among the books published in January is Colonel Roosevelt's "History in Literature and other Essays," a volume that illustrates another aspect of his multitudinous interests. The main thesis of this work, which Mr. Murray publishes, is that the domain of literature must be ever more widely extended over the domains of history and science. Colonel Roosevelt's treatment of his subject is highly characteristic.

## Shorter Reviews

*Friends of the Riverside.* By R. E. GREEN. (Murray and Evenden. 1s. net.)

THE angler, like the poet, is born. The amateur, like the versifier, may, perhaps, be made. There is no mistaking the category to which Mr. Green belongs. He is of the true brotherhood of the line. There is, too, something infectious about his enthusiasm, as he tells you of the marvellous trout that he has landed while fishing in those wonderful Yorkshire streams. But, for the most part, Mr. Green has chosen to remain modestly in the background. It is about the people he has met—his fellow-anglers up and down the country—that he prefers to chatter. (We use the word "chatter" advisedly, for this book has the quality of a casual and dismissive conversation.) They are drawn from all classes—schoolmasters, clergymen, men from the manor-house and men from the mill; nondescripts, foreigners, shepherds—but, anglers all. Perhaps the pleasantest of them is the person, who divided his enthusiasm between his religion and his rod. He came up to Mr. Green one morning, waving a letter. "This has been forwarded to me from home," he said; "it is an invitation (a call, I suppose I ought to say) to another church, and the place is within three miles of a bonny trout-stream." That little touch helps one vividly to realise what manner of being this fisher of men was. It is a pleasant little book that Mr. Green has written. "The rod, net, and basket," he tells us, "constitute a passport into the kingdom of a large and kindly friendship." All who belong to that kingdom—of which old Izaak Walton, of blessed memory, still remains the supreme sovereign—will extend a kindly welcome to this little volume. Its value, we are reluctantly forced to add, would not have been seriously impaired by the absence of the illustrations.

*The Mending of Life.* By RICHARD ROLLE, of Ham-pole. Edited in modern English by the REV. DUNDAS HARFORD, M.A. (H. R. Allenson. 1s. 6d. net.)

RICHARD ROLLE was born in Yorkshire about the year 1300. He was educated at Oxford at the expense of Archdeacon Nevile, of Durham. Here he imbibed that peculiar mystical influence which eventually made him one of the greatest of a famous group of mystical writers of the spiritual era of the fourteenth century. Hence arose, he tells us himself, his conversion, which meant his leaving Oxford scholasticism and taking to the hermit life in the neighbourhood of his old home. He made a hermit's costume for himself from two dresses of his sisters, and then fled to the woods. He there persuaded one John de Dalton of his sanity and sanctity, who provided on his estate a cell and means of subsistence for the young enthusiast. After a period

of three years passed in spiritual contemplation, he seems to have spent the remaining twenty or twenty-five years of his life in constant efforts for the spiritual teaching and help of his "Even-Christians." Finally he settled down as spiritual adviser to the Cistercian nuns at Hampole, near Doncaster, where he died in 1349.

"The Mending of Life" was probably written after the experience of years, when he had learnt the value of systematic instruction. It is at once a deeply spiritual and a practical treatise. It is evidently, too, a picture of the ordering of his own life. Mr. Harford gives an interesting and exhaustive introduction, in which he compares Richard Rolle with Thomas à Kempis. And he sums up the value of Rolle's work in the following words:—

"The phenomena of the unitive life seem to have been henceforth displayed in him—occasional times of rapt ecstasy, constant Practice of the Presence of God, with creative and inspirational influence over the lives of others."

In order to produce this excellent version, the first in modernised English, Mr. Harford has spared no pains in collating various MSS. This valuable treatise will appeal to men of all schools of thought, Anglican and Roman Catholics, or Protestants, for it deals with realities of the soul, which are common to all spiritually minded and devout Christians.

*Psychical Research and Survival.* By JAMES H. HYSLOP, Ph.D. (G. Bell and Sons. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE author of this interesting volume of "The Quest Series" considers that "the controversy about psychic phenomena is between those who sympathise with materialism and those who sympathise with the desire for a spiritual interpretation of the world." The attitude of both sides is carefully discussed. The weakness of telepathy as an explanatory conception is exposed. It is merely a process of mental action. Spiritualism, to some, connotes superstition; to others, incredulity. The really important question, to which Dr. Hyslop devotes his attention, is whether personal consciousness survives or not. He believes that the evidence for survival is sufficiently conclusive to satisfy all intelligent people. In estimating the value of scientific objection, there are two points often forgotten. One is that the materialist is unable to prove that consciousness is a function of the brain. Normal experience tends to show that death annihilates consciousness, but scientifically this cannot be proved. The other is that it is an axiom of science that energy is never destroyed. Of this, a simple illustration will suffice. If a ton weight is elevated one hundred feet, and then falls to the ground, at first sight it seems to have lost all its energy, whether of motion or position. But science demonstrates that its energy is not destroyed, but simply transformed into another sort of motion—namely, heat.

We may conclude that the energy of consciousness is not destroyed by death, and there is a fair ground for presumption that it is translated to another sphere of action. For the purpose of this inquiry the writer practically dismisses the emotional religious conceptions of a spiritual world, and confines his attention to scientific and philosophical ideas and activities. He considers that the conflict between science and religion is something deeper than one between dogma and beliefs. It is rather between temperaments and desires, between realism and idealism, though science is not necessarily opposed to the existence of God and the immortality of the soul. This short treatise will interest all who believe, with the author, that the "fact of survival is the only one that will in any satisfactory way co-ordinate and explain the phenomena of spiritism."

*List of Annual Subscriptions.* (Wm. Dawson and Sons.)

*Handy Newspaper List.* (C. and E. Layton. 6d.)

IN these two handy booklets we have a mass of information which will be of considerable use to all who have to deal with periodicals, either as advertisers or subscribers. Messrs. Dawsons' list, which is in its twenty-fifth edition, gives, in addition to alphabetical lists of English and foreign publications, the rates of subscription to each. Messrs. Laytons' list is indeed "handy," as its name implies; but it only covers the Press of the United Kingdom, and so anyone wishing to go farther afield will have to consult other lists. Nevertheless, this "Handy Newspaper List" is a most useful one for our own home papers.

The Drama Society will present three new plays at the New Rehearsal Theatre, 21, Maiden Lane, on Sunday, February 8, at 8 o'clock: "Poudre d'Amour," by Aldon Roen (produced by Mr. Tripp Edgar); "Damages," by A. von Herder; and "Barn y Brodyr" ("The Voice of the Brethren"), a Carnarvonshire play by T. R. Evans, which will be acted in Welsh, with a full English synopsis on all programmes. Miss Edyth Olive and Mr. Rathmell Wilson will recite. Among those in the casts will be Miss Eve Balfour, Miss Rose Yule, Miss Megan Williams, Miss Janet Evans, Miss Cordelia Rhys, Mr. Miles Malleson, Mr. Ronald Hodgson, Mr. Stanley Roberts, and Mr. Gwilym Aeron. Tickets and all information may be obtained from Rathmell Wilson, International Club, 22a, Regent Street, S.W.

"The Eternal Maiden," by T. Everett Harré, which met with instantaneous success in America, going through four editions the week of publication, has just been brought out in England by Messrs. Duckworth and Co. Few books of recent years have elicited such praise from notable people.

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## Fiction

### Chance and her Victims

*Chance.* By JOSEPH CONRAD. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

AS the author states, the story of Flora de Barral—otherwise the story of "Chance"—was imparted to him instages. None of the chapters, or even a page, must be missed, for there is many a breaking-off and a continuing of the narrative by a different person from the one who starts to relate a particular incident. The book is concerned with ships, and they that go down to the sea in them, and right royal, hearty, and true are the captain and his mates. But to imitate Mr. Conrad and return to previous happenings, Flora de Barral is the child of a speculative financier, whose reckless handling of other people's money brought him within reach of the law. At the time of the crash, Flora, a girl of sixteen, was living in a luxurious house at Brighton in charge of a governess. In his description of this terrible woman Mr. Conrad gives a glimpse of the kind of writing the reader may expect to find in the story. Disappointed, envious, and furious at having her plan of securing the de Barral thousands—which she thought to gain by throwing her scamp of a nephew into Flora's society—frustrated, she turns on her innocent young charge. Flora

stood, a frail and passive vessel into which the other went on pouring all the accumulated dislike for all her pupils, her scorn of all her employers, the accumulated resentment, the infinite hatred all these unrelieved years of—I won't say hypocrisy. . . . No! I will say the years, the passionate, bitter years, of restraint, the iron, admirably mannered restraint at every moment, in a never-failing perfect correctness of speech, glances, movements, smiles, gestures, establishing for her a high reputation, an impressive record of success in her sphere. It had been like living half strangled for years.

From this terrible onslaught Flora emerged thoroughly stunned, broken-hearted and quite ill.

It is not possible to relate the whole of the happenings Fate had in store for the luckless girl, but before her marriage and the tragedy of her father's release there stand out prominently Mr. and Mrs. Fyne. "They were commonplace, earnest, without smiles and without guile. But he had his solemnities and she had her reveries, her lurid, violent, crude reveries." Mrs. Fyne was also a feminist, although her doctrine was neither political nor social, but took the form of strange advice to many girl-friends she gathered round her.

Such were some of the influences on the early life of this daughter of the once great de Barral, so that when Captain Anthony—Mrs. Fyne's brother—tells her he loves her, asks her to marry him and promises a shelter on his ship for her disgraced parent, the only reply he receives from the poor child, now so utterly hopeless

WILL BE PUBLISHED ON  
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THE  
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Of Public Affairs, Political,  
Scientific, Social and Literary.

CONDUCTED BY  
**THOMAS GIBSON BOWLES.**

No. 1. - - FEBRUARY, 1914.  
Price, Five Shillings Nett.

The aim of this Review is to deal with Public Affairs faithfully and frankly, and to treat them with candour, having sole regard to the Public Welfare.

The attempt, often promised, rarely made, and yet more rarely continued, to review Public Affairs impartially and without Party bias will here be renewed. The effort will be to search out the quality, character, and fitness for the Public Welfare of things done or proposed, whether in the political, the scientific, the social or the literary domain, and to present them on their merits without partisan prejudice.

To do this is not easy. But the effort to do it will be honestly made by candid men writing for candid readers.

In Politics it will be remembered that the men of to-day are as well sons of the past as fathers of the future, and that from the past we have inherited a settled system of governance, which, having endured and survived the stresses of time, is not to be put away without a certain assurance of something better.

To Science, whose widening domain touches with increasing success and rapidity every part of life, will be assigned the place that has now become due to the great deeds already done and the greater soon to be expected. Social and Literary Subjects, so far as they belong to Public Affairs, will also have their due recognition.

To sincerity will be extended respect and sympathy. But wherever there may appear insincerity, dishonesty, corruption, or aught that may bring danger or dishonour to the State, every effort will be made to discover, display, and denounce it, and to destroy it, together with its originators.

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and so thoroughly desperate at the unkind treatment meted out to her on all hands that she had even contemplated suicide, is:

"Nobody would love me," she answered, in a very quiet tone. "Nobody could."

The Captain wins in so far as he makes her his wife, and has both father and daughter on the ship with him. Here now comes the crux of the story. De Barral hates the idea of Flora being married and claims all her attention. The generous Captain, believing that the girl really does not care for him, stands aside until a crisis arrives and he wins to happiness at last.

The story is good right through. The minor characters are drawn with as much care as are Mr. and Mrs. Anthony and the terrible old man. One knows them thoroughly, and they are all necessary for the development of the story. The descriptions, as we have said, are excellent, but Mr. Conrad's style is not perfect. There is a little carelessness over the repetition of the same term, when by a little thought another could have been substituted, and from the continual use of the word "devil" in the first twenty-five pages it would almost seem that the author regards it in the nature of a superlative—which perhaps it is. But these are trifling matters and do not lessen the interest of the story, which should not on any account be missed.

*The Power of the Duchess.* By EDWARD QUARTER. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

THE power of the Duchess was not so great as the power of love, the author would have us believe. Johnny, the Duchess's would-be son-in-law, was of distinguished though not respectable parentage, his father, Lord Carlston, having buried one wife, divorced two more, and finally married a music-hall artiste—which for the purpose of fiction is very ancient history indeed.

There is a *deus ex machina* in the person of Lady Elizabeth Ringshaw, who lived opposite the castle of the Duchess (surprisingly like Arundel, by the way) in middle-aged comfort, having kept her own lover trotting at her heels for nearly a quarter of a century. She smooths matters for Johnny and the Duchess's daughter to an amazing extent, and is, in fact, a thoroughly mid-Victorian busybody. Her portrait, as that of a meddling, tiresome, and even exasperating old chatterer, is excellently done, and her devoted lover is an equally good sketch of masculine vacillation and weakness—his only strong point being his devotion to the lady who played at ducks and drakes with the best years of his life. In spite of these two irritants, the book is cloying. The author uses the word "sweet" with some frequency, and it is typical of the whole work, perusal of which resembles a meal of wedding cake. The prolix conversations of county and sub-county people form a drag on the action of the story, and incidents are few and far between. The lady of the halls whom Lord Carlston married is the author's most interesting creation.

*The Price of Conquest.* By ELLEN ADA SMITH. (John Long. 6s.)

IN spite of such a profusion of adverbial phrases as would almost shatter belief in the existence of a standard of English, and also in spite of infinitives arrestingly split, this book compels attention. The opening is distinctly unpromising, for in the first part Sigismund Wirth, a great violinist, goes, under an alias, to stay at a west country farmhouse, where Daffy Huish, artless and unsophisticated, lives with her grandparents. There is, however, no sordid intrigue to follow, for Wirth, convinced that the girl has great talent if not genius, becomes her guardian, and after her father's death has her trained by one Waldemar, who, having just missed greatness as a performer is yet great as a teacher—and hates the artist in Sigismund because that artist is greater than himself.

Under Waldemar, Daffy climbs to great heights, and accomplishes the inevitable by marriage with Sigismund. Then Waldemar sets out to gratify his hatred of Sigismund—a hatred that has always been carefully concealed—by suggesting that one day Daffy will outshine her husband, whose youth is passing while her popularity is growing. Herein lies a psychological problem of the finer sort, and the deft manner in which it is handled leads us to hope great things of the author, when experience has taught her what to avoid. For, having admitted rich promise and no small performance in the book, we feel at liberty to cavil at its faults. The chief of these is a rank disregard for the decencies of language; sentences here and there are clumsy and amateurish in construction. This, we hold, is a legitimate grumble, for manner makes matter, and it is a pity that so excellent a story should be marred by unhandy phrasing. We welcome the book, however, for its originality and high promise.

*The Master of Merripit.* By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. With a Frontispiece. (Ward, Lock, and Co. 6s.)

MR. PHILLPOTTS lays the scene of his latest novel in a wild part of the West Country dotted here and there with certain venerable farms dating from mediæval days, one of which is occupied by four generations of a family named Rowland and another by their neighbour, John Coole, the Master of Merripit. The story is a breezy one of a hundred years ago, with the usual highwaymen, murders, and love rivalries, and is told in the author's well-known pleasing style; and, as was to be expected, the local colouring and delineation of the characters are excellent. A word of praise is due to the publishers for the get-up of the volume. The type is excellent, and the three hundred pages can be comfortably read without recourse to a microscope.

Messrs. John Long, Ltd., will shortly publish a new novel entitled "Why She Left Him," by Florence Warden, author of "Love's Sentinel." Miss Warden's gipsy heroine forms a very interesting study.



## Unbeaten Tracks

### TRINIDAD

OVERNIGHT the word goes round the ship that we are to pass through Boca Monos at daybreak. The captain is about, according to the usual legend, to make this passage for the particular behoof of his passengers. So in the grey of the dawn they crowd the deck in varying degrees of *déshabille*, pleased by the illusion that their coming experience is one rarely afforded.

The wonderful tropic night wanes quickly; the Southern Cross hangs faint and dim on the horizon; the air is eager and nipping. Above the ship, which speeds like a busy little insect toward its goal, towers a bastion of bluffs crowned by three peaks, from which Columbus named this island "Trinidad." Let it not be forgotten that the Indians had of old called it Iere, the Land of Humming Birds. When one considers how in the wake of the Spaniards marched every detestable atrocity, how they turned the beautiful New World into an Inferno of wickedness, how every nameless abomination was in the main wrought under the cloak of religion, one longs to blot out the name Columbus gave the island and rechristen it as of yore, "The Land of Humming Birds," a beautiful, poetic name, reminiscent of "this Eden of the western wave," before it was wrecked by lust and rapine. The Indian, be it remembered, worshipped and still worships the humming bird as a god in visible shape; the civilised society woman wears its corpse on her head as an ornament.

The passage of Boca Monos is a wonderful sight. Vast pyramids of Silurian rock front the eternal wasting Atlantic surge. The Gulf of Paria, into which we emerge, is a great inland sea rapidly shoaling under the flow of the mud-laden waters of the Orinoco. Now and again in these waters may be seen a hapless monkey, drifting down to meet his fate on a forest tree which has fallen with some remote landslide in the interior of the Continent. His bones, lapped in alluvion, will be fossil some day, when this great area of water has become a marshy jungle. In England we read of geological transformation; in the New World that transformation is a panorama unrolling before our eyes. Through the gateway of the strait looms up Port of Spain.

The topsy-turvydom of Trinidad has been veraciously summed up thus: "This is a land of wonders. We have lakes of pitch—streams of tar—oysters growing on trees—animals with pouches to shelter their young—one fish, or animal resembling a fish, that produces its young alive and gives suck—crabs that mount on and feed in fruit trees—other fish that entertain us with a concert—and, lastly, one kind of fish clad in an elegant suit of armour."

Trinidad has been described by Kingsley at white heat. During his stay in the island his enthusiasm knew no bounds; he was accomplishing the dream of his life. Those who came after him can but glean where he has gathered in the harvest.

The Caroni River is a muddy stream which sluggishly debouches through swamps into the Gulf of Paria. About it hovers an atmosphere of malaria. Now the rise of tide in the gulf is but four feet or so, and the mouth of the river is hemmed in by a vast bar. We started off a party of six—two Englishmen, two Americans, and two boatmen—to bag alligators on its banks. The police lent us magazine rifles, and we hoped to reach the river and its shelter of virgin forest in the cool of the morning. Instead of doing so, we were afforded a useful object-lesson in physiography. Our boatmen had calculated their time of start to give us the few inches of water requisite to scrape over the mud flats into the deeper pools beyond. In default of this, we but drove our way into shoals, on which at length the boat lay fast. There was no help for it. We were forced to watch the tide creep down, as the fierce heat of the day leapt up. The glitter of morning sunshine on tropical waters is as trying as its dazzle on freshly fallen snow, and similarly is apt to produce nausea and dizziness. Our eyes were, however, so busily drinking in the novel scene about us that we forgot all else. Vast flocks of flamingos—scarlet, blue, and white—and clouds of other wading birds paraded before us at a respectful distance. Idleness breeds mischief. We had rifles in our hands, "our matches burning." The gayest bird of the flock in plumage was picked out, and a bullet at 300 or 400 yards brought him down. His murdered carcase, drifting toward us on the current, revealed the fact that, after two or three hours' imprisonment, the flowing tide was with us, setting us free.

Thus we scraped over the bar and pulled between walls of mangrove—surely the most fantastically dreary of all tree growths. A few yards off they resemble a wilderness of petrified snakes, their roots being thrown down stilt-fashion into the mud. Thus the tree holds the soil together and acts as a veritable pioneer, conquering and absorbing the poison of the deadly swamp. One realises the sinister meaning of the old stories of escaped slaves taking shelter in these awful places. Now a wonder came to pass. By one of the truly amazing partnerships of the animal kingdom, the alligator has a companion bird, whose cries forewarn him of danger. With the exception of this troublesome biped, all feathered fowl disappeared with the coming of the heat of the tropical day, which thus made its own solitude. Gorgeous butterflies flapped lazily along the edge of the stream; reptiles and snakes were active; but for the most part birds and beasts lay *perdus* in the dim recesses of the forests, to emerge in the cooltide of the day. Nearly everything in which is the breath of life thus hides away from the tyranny of the sun.

Shooting alligators is a pastime calculated to test the smoothest temper. These brutes' speciality in perversity is the fact that, when mortally hit, they immediately plunge into the mud of the river bed and there bury their carcases. The faculty by which the wounded or dying saurian buries himself in mud doubtless explains the prevalence of his fossil remains in deposits such as

those of the Lias and Bracklesham. One chance you have, and one only; shoot him in the eye or under the armpit, and he has no time for his favourite manœuvre; he turns belly uppermost. Yet look out after hauling him into the boat; like all torpid creatures, his long-drawn "muscular contractions" are wont to be exciting. The alligator is at once one of the cunningest and most inquisitive "beasts of the forest." His habitual pose is to float with the snout awash, keeping a wary eye on any intruder. Thus will he lie hour after hour, like a drifting log. His impassivity is a conjuring trick. As your boat creeps up the stream, an insignificant log silently sinks, leaving a trail of bubbles. The chance of a shot is gone. Exposed mud banks and spits caused by the eddying deposit of leaves and refuse afford the best opportunity for a palpable hit. One of our party, a demon photographer, secured a good snapshot of an alligator basking in the sun, when the click of the camera sent our prey splashing into the water within a few yards of the boat.

Writhing in and out of the mangrove stilts, we watched the iguana, whose gaudy colours make him one of the most brilliant of the minor reptiles. His flesh is looked upon as a delicacy by gourmets. The preternatural stillness of the forest-shrouded mangrove swamp is broken now and again by a sharp report, like that of a pistol. This is caused by the sudden bursting of the seed-case of the sand-box (*Hura crepitans*). We had a singular instance of the life-tenacity of this seed. We brought a seed case home as a paper weight, the centre having been cut out and filled with molten lead. Three years later this same case burst like a bomb in our drawing-room.

In the next article we hope to describe a visit to the famous pitch lake at La Brea.

A. E. CAREY.

## Of Good and Bad Luck

"It is better to be born lucky than wise."

HERE is matter for dispute. Some folks believe in luck, while others laugh at it. According to Emerson, only shallow people talk of it; and if he was right, then Horace was shallow and Ovid and Seneca. It is only the egoist, who is his own Providence, with no belief in the smiles and frowns of Fortune, whom we can regard as deep. Perhaps this is hardly fair paraphrase of the seer of Concord, yet it seems a reasonable deduction. One man scouts the notion of luck; another is even credulous of the virtue of odd numbers "either in nativity, chance, or death." The fisherman, alone among his neighbours, makes a personal matter of it, and strict regard for the truth compels the admission that my brothers of the angle are not always consistent in the business. Your gentle angler, that is to say, is rarely backward in acknowledging the bad luck of which he believes himself the victim and of which he recognises probably ninety-nine varieties. Why, you

ask, did he come back from the river empty-handed? My dear Sir, how could anyone, even *he*, catch fish in such wind, rain, frost, fog, sunshine, hail or thunder? How could anyone expect sport from a river ruined by herons, otterhounds, launches, lumber mills or chemical works? Such is his virtuous indignation that he would sooner blame Christabel Pankhurst for his empty creel than himself. He never wearies of bemoaning the circumstances, wholly beyond his control, of which he is the sport. One would think, to hear him, that the very fish themselves, cold-blooded and callous creatures that they are, were in a conspiracy to go hungry rather than take his well-thrown fly or appetising bait. He is ever more sinned against than sinning, the plaything of a cruel fate that withholds the success to which his skill and patience alike entitle him. Such, with more in keeping, is the burden of the unsuccessful fisherman on a day when everything goes wrong. Compared with him, Jeremiah was an optimist with a mind of sunshine; and so eloquent is that maltreated sportsman in his own defence that some among his audience must marvel how, with so much to fight against, anyone can be fool enough to go a'fishing.

Yet, if you meet the man at the end of a red-letter day, when he proudly displays the silvery burden of his full basket, his face wreathed in smiles, his gloom forgotten, who more surprised, more hurt, more taken aback than he if you should be so tactless as to congratulate him on his good luck? The very man who gratefully accepted your condolence in other circumstances is the first to resent this view of his success. *Luck?* Nothing of the sort, my dear fellow. Fortune favours the brave, and this magnificent catch of trout is the reward of science, art, patience and every virtue that goes to the making of a good fisherman. The man who argues from such a standpoint is above all the laws of mere logic. His is the happy, the enviable temperament that can take the ups and downs of life serenely, claiming all the credit of success and repudiating all the blame of failure. Happy are those who can apply this comfortable argument to their fishing days. To myself, every kind of fishing has seemed to depend on nine parts luck and one part skill.

There were the two large trout that together took my inartistic wet flies on a still glide in a Black Forest river, where by rights the dry fly only should have killed. If this was not a case of unalloyed good luck, what was it? Cleverness on my part in striking out a new line? Pooh! There was neither authority nor precedent for the experiment, which was but a desperate effort to relieve the tedium of prolonged failure. The whole business was a fluke. It was as when a man aims at a pigeon and brings down a crow.

Again, there was that tarpon that fell to my rod on the first morning I fished in the Pass, the only tarpon caught that day among a dozen boats, some of the occupants of which had fished for a fortnight without killing a single fish. What was that but luck? I knew nothing of catching tarpon, beyond what I had read in days when the literature of the sport was very



meagre, and there is, in fact, up to the moment of hooking the fish, nothing to know. The preliminaries are even easier than in the case of salmon. It is the fight itself that counts. How different on the trout stream, where all the angler's art goes in tempting the fish to take the hook and so little of it is needed to bring it to the net! Mention of tarpon recalls a curious contrast of good and bad fortune attending a man on two consecutive days. A friend of mine, arriving in Florida a day or two after myself, also caught a fine fish on his first day. He was elated by such good fortune and looked forward to catching many more within the fortnight that he had allowed for his stay. Next day, the Gulf was in one of its rages, and the Pass was unfit for fishing, so we amused ourselves by catching sheepshead, ladyfish and other small game from a little jetty on the island. The best bait for this miscellany was a small crab that swarms in the shallows, and while wading in search of more bait, my friend trod barefoot on the upturned edge of a broken bottle, inflicting so severe a gash on his instep that he had no choice but to return to civilisation and put himself under surgical treatment. Did ever the Jade smile and frown on a man so quickly!

I remember hooking a noble bass, a fish exceeding eleven pounds and as full of mettle as any I ever caught before or since, close to a bridge which spans an estuary a little way above the bar. At spring tides, the water races madly beneath the bridge, and I had my work cut out to keep the fish from going round the posts. All was going well, and I had already recovered sufficient line to give me control, when my hopes fell to zero at sight of a great bunch of weed firmly attached to the line thirty or forty feet above the fish. Obviously, I could do nothing. A few more turns of the reel would bring the obstruction to the top ring of the rod, and in such heavy water the hook might come away any moment. As I pondered on these unattractive probabilities, the bass decided for me by a timely shake of the head that dislodged the weed and sent it running down the line. Five minutes later, the bass was in the net. There had been no skill whatever in getting round a seemingly impassable difficulty, merely luck.

The circumstances in which I recovered an even finer bass, a fish of seventeen pounds, in a backwater of the Sea of Marmora were different, for in this case victory was due not to luck, but to the ready wit of my Greek fisherman. The fish was sufficiently exhausted to make its capture an apparent certainty when, with one of those sudden inspirations characteristic of bass, it made a dive beneath the caique. Fortune favoured it, for the line caught round a nail in the stern. The bass and I were both helpless, and I stood foolishly looking at it, so near and yet so far, as it kicked feebly in a couple of fathoms of water. Of a sudden, with a leap that all but capsized the boat, my man was over the side with the landing net, in which he had the bass safe and sound before it had sufficiently recovered from its surprise to make good its escape.

Of good luck I have, in fishing and otherwise, had

enough to be grateful for, and of bad less than enough to resent. Perhaps the worst of my fortune as a fisherman has been a world-wide pursuit of the tunny, lasting over nearly ten years, without even hooking one. The first of many failures, round the beautiful island of Madeira, was a matter less of bad luck than of the excessive depth of the Atlantic, which thereabouts renders the capture of tunny on rod and line a dubious venture. The same may be said of a later attempt in the swift depths of the Bosphorus, another water in which tuna-fishing is not, I imagine, lightly to be attended by conspicuous success. Yet it was bad luck only that took me all the way to California during one of the very finest summers in which the tunas have altogether stayed away from Santa Catalina, and the same ill-fortune pursued me to the colder seas of Cape Breton. There I fished for three weeks in company with two others, both of them, though they failed to kill, had at least the satisfaction of getting strikes. Here, as in tarpon fishing, there was no question of skill, since it was just a question of towing the bait astern across the vision of the shoals for the great fish to take or leave. Mine they left. This was bad luck. When, however, I had got my flies hung up in a tree, or pulled the hook out of a trout's mouth, or lost a good fish in getting the net under it, it was not bad luck, but bad fishing.

Bad luck is essentially made up of factors wholly beyond the fisherman's control. Any sudden and unforeseen change in the weather that makes the water too high or too low, too thick or too clear, too slow or too rapid, is bad luck, and no one will blame the victim of such mischance for his empty creel any more than they would blame him for being struck by lightning. Unfortunately, the fisherman most often fails in graceful acknowledgment of the many occasions on river or lake on which he has none but himself to thank for his failure to catch fish. He is not expected to take all the blame of every blank day, for such an admission would be mock modesty. All that is in reason asked of him is the confession that a full basket is as often the result of luck as an empty one, and he who can bring himself to concede so much has at least the comfort of remembering that, in fishing more even than in shooting, the lean days predominate. The unsportsmanlike attitude, to which exception has already been taken is that which, on the easy principle of "Heads, I win; tails, you lose," takes all the praise for the fish that are caught and none of the blame for those that are left in the water. Such a point of view is unworthy of any man, and is fit only for spoilt children.

Some men are born lucky. If you throw them in the sea, they would be no more likely to drown than Arion or Jonah. Yet only a fool trusts to luck, for muddling through is a policy which, occasionally successful with nations, is fatal in the individual. The soldier fears God and keeps his powder dry, and my Arab fisherman, Abdullah, though always praying to Allah for more fish, was careful to keep shifting the boat to new grounds till we got them. There is luck in most games, else what of a dropped catch and a new life

at cricket, or a break off a fluke at billiards? Even in bridge, which, without playing it, I take to be more of an exact science than a game, there is surely hazard in the deal, though skill may win against it by making the most of bad cards. The only exception, in which skill is everything, with nothing left to chance, is a game like chess, the ideal recreation for anyone who wants to forget his own wickedness.

Fishing, if not exactly a lucky dip, is always something of a lottery, and the greatest artist that ever swung a salmon rod is liable to the mortification, while drawing blank in every salmon pool, of seeing a tyro on the other bank catch fish after fish. Far from resenting this element of chance, we should realise that it is no small part of the charm of our sport, since, when we speak of the glorious uncertainty of fishing, we only mean the good and bad luck to which every angler is subject. Good luck sometimes comes in strange disguise. So it came to Joseph, who was sold into bondage by his brothers that he might become Pharaoh's vizier. So, at times, it comes to most of us. As a friend of mine once remarked, "I've had a deal of worry in my life, but most of it never happened!" I well remember how on one occasion a sudden and unlooked-for summons to London made me lose two of the best days of covert-shooting that winter. All the way to Paddington I was filled with righteous self-pity. Yet it was on that visit that I met the man who, a little later, gave me some of the best shooting that I ever enjoyed in my life, with better sport and greater variety of game than any I had missed at home. Such are the not unkindly buffets which playful Fortune sometimes deals us.

Gratitude for good luck is as proper a sentiment as acceptance of bad, though, in the fisherman, at any rate, resignation must stop short of the lazy fatalism of the East. It is in this that the fisherman's persistence differs from the patience of his neighbours. We cannot be lucky in every venture, whether it be dealing in Marconis or catching trout. When, however, we are out of luck, there is no need to have recourse to sack-cloth and ashes. Then is the time to beat the goddess who handles the rudder of our destiny. F. G. A.

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"The Lonely Dancer," by Richard Le Gallienne, at 5s. net, will be published this week by Mr. John Lane. Several of Mr. Le Gallienne's finest lyrics may be found in this new volume of poems. Mr. Lane also issues immediately "Food and Flavour, a Gastronomic Guide to Health and Good Living," by Henry T. Finck; with illustrations, at 6s. net.

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Mr. Werner Laurie is publishing a cheap edition uniform with his "Cathedral Series" of "A Dictionary of Ecclesiastical Terms," by John S. Bumpus. In this work terms used in liturgiology, hymnology, music, ritual, cathedral constitution, architecture, ecclesiology, are clearly and concisely explained, both from a descriptive and an historical point of view. Price 6s. net.

## Indian Reviews

THE *Wednesday Review* (Trichinopoly) for December deals rather with old subjects than new material. Prominence is given repeatedly to the treatment of Indians in South Africa. Lord Hardinge's speech at Madras, in which he expressed sympathy with the Indian cause, is never forgotten; he should now retire before his popularity suffers a reaction. The whole case possesses all the elements for grave indictments, of which an Indian writer gladly avails himself. The charges of ill-treatment, of unnecessary violence, of broken faith, of want of veracity, are forcibly made; and Mr. Botha has entirely failed to satisfy India by the constitution of the Commission of Inquiry which has been set up, and by the terms of reference to it. The demand for an Indian member of the Commission is reiterated. No doubt the South African question has gone far to exacerbate the existing discontent in India; the mismanagement of the problem by the Imperial Government is fully recognised.

The editor regards it as only a question of time when the All-India Moslem League will be merged in the Indian National Congress. He opposes any idea of provincialism or communism in the Congress; but any real *rapprochement* between Hindus and Mahomedans is impossible: any coalition on their part under the veil of Indian nationality will be a measure of their antagonism to British rule. The Government having resolved, in compliance with demands, to give advances freely to Trade from the Treasury balances, a protest is now raised against the experiment on the ground that the Chamberlain Commission is sitting; at the same time, the Commission is depreciated before it has reported. Not even a patriot paper can offer an excuse for the banking crisis in which native-managed banks in Lahore and Bombay have failed. By their gross mismanagement native credit has received a deadly blow. The attention now being paid to the cultivation of cotton and sugar is a hopeful sign. The Governor of Bombay has, with little experience, further liberalised his Legislative Council. Such bids for popularity always bring their Nemesis.

The *Collegian and Progress of India* (Calcutta, October to December) is always interesting as a record of educational advancement, which is making remarkable strides in India, under the patronage and financial assistance of the Government. At the Bombay University the important question has been discussed whether a branch of Oriental Studies, with teaching arrangements and corresponding degrees, should be established; in other words, whether students should be trained as pandits or maulvis on traditional lines. The proposal was first carried and subsequently defeated on a compromising amendment. In Bombay, too, a Government College of Commerce has commenced work to prepare students for a University degree in Commerce; a building for the college is contemplated. There are said to be many Hindustani students in America, one of whom has written in an American journal some well-meant advice for his countrymen.



A series of ten lectures on cricket, delivered by an Indian professor to a youthful audience, the "Aryan Excelsior League" of Bombay, is something of a novelty. Delhi, the new capital, is said to be educationally backward: more, more money, as for everything at Delhi, will be required to improve matters. In the new Province of Behar there has been unusual activity in education, commencing with a stock-taking of the present position. The policy in favour throughout India is to endow education with ever-increasing grants, in the hope of future good resulting—will it do so? The Hindu University project drags on. The meetings, reported throughout these journals, of literary and students' societies, and prize distributions presided over by high officials, are very numerous, and betoken intellectual life, though the fruits may not be immediately conspicuous. An elaborate paper on the "Paradox of Oxford," by an American, is quoted at length and is worth reading; the paradox is apparently the inconsistency between the present and the traditional past of the University. The publication of an *Encyclopædia Indica* of Hindu literature at Allahabad promises to be a large undertaking. Convocation addresses of several Universities contain much valuable discussion of educational subjects. The Lecturer in Persian at Oxford has described at length in this journal the Persian studies there; his letter ought to help Indian students proceeding thither for degrees. The Indian Science Congress to be held in January in Calcutta promises well. A working-men's institute for Indians in that town shows the progress of the times. A long paper on Lycidas should be useful to this journal's readers.

The *Popular Scientific Journal* (Madras) for October. This is a curious medley, and cheap at the price, four annas. It ranges from the advocacy of scientific education, "the imperative need of India," to a few words on snakes, spiders, and bats, with miscellaneous notes and a course of lessons in elementary science. Much cannot be expected for two rupees a year, but this popular journal may attract beginners in science, and, if it survives, may be improved.

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Mr. Heinemann is publishing this week a new novel entitled "The Business of a Gentleman," by Mr. H. N. Dickinson, author of "Keddy" and "Sir Guy and Lady Rannard." This novel is rather political in character, for the hero is an ardent Tory, plunged by the force of circumstances into the labour unrest in a Lancashire cotton centre.

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Mr. George Ives is an acknowledged authority on criminology, having devoted himself to its study for twenty years. He has now written, for Mr. Stanley Paul, "A History of Penal Methods," which although primarily a history of punitive systems from early mediæval times to the present day, has also much sound criticism on the scientific classification and treatment of criminals.

## The Theatre

### The Play Actors Society at The Court Theatre

THIS association has done so much interesting work since its foundation that we always look forward with hope to its productions. Unfortunately, Mr. Israel Zangwill's long drama in four discursive acts, "The Melting Pot," is not a great opportunity, nor is the principal actor particularly well suited to make the best of a distressing and impossible character. One of the main reasons for the author's failure to produce a work of art is that he desires to use his experience as President of the Emigration Department of the Jewish Territorial Organisation for the foundation of his play; another is that he does not trouble to observe the conversations of human beings, but is content to fit his leading characters with rhetorical speeches which are difficult to deliver and sound absurd when they finally get over the footlights.

"The Melting Pot," says a small note kindly given us with the programme, "needs no recommendation; it has been played thousands of times in America and has sold nine editions in book-form." Such being the case, it is not necessary to mention the good points in Mr. Zangwill's serious drama of Jewish life as it was in Russia and is in America; it is enough to state that in a Western London theatre it would be played to roars of laughter from the exceedingly few people who would pay to see it.

David Quixano is the young Hebraic hero who believes that America is the melting-pot of the universe, and that when the process is completed, all the races of the earth, including, we suppose, the black and the yellow, will be merged in one resplendent whole, and the result will be as near perfection as man may hope to get.

Perhaps Mr. Zangwill's play is intended to aid this desirable end. If so, he has not followed a very helpful or convincing method.

Mr. Harold Chapin is the protagonist of the new heaven and the new earth that is to arise in the United States. As David, we are led to understand that he is a brilliant violinist and the writer of an American symphony which is to stir the hearts of men and rejuvenate our squalid world. But he is much more than a Jewish genius: he is a tremendous talker, who is loved almost on sight by the beautiful Russian Baroness Revendal (Miss Gillian Scaife); but then he happens to be an undistinguished-looking person to whom everyone is devoted. He wins, at once, the full support of the famous conductor, Herr Pappelmeister (Mr. Clifton Anderson); a good supply of his winged, but laboriously delivered, words convince the Catholic servant of the Jewish household that she must serve his grandmother and be interested in Hebraic affairs; a few of his speeches change the whole life and mental attitude of the bureaucratic Russian Baron Revendal—who has had a good part of the family of Quixano shot

down in Kischineff—so much is the Russian's spirit changed by speech that he offers the immaculate David a revolver and stands awaiting to be shot. The hero's good uncle, who does not believe much in America, loves David as only such a character can on the stage love. The elder Quixano (Mr. Hugh Tabberer) even goes the length of saying that "a sunbeam took human form when David was born." The result of this peculiar transmutation is a super-human bore who expects the mixing of races in America to produce the superman. Fortunately, he tells us that he is "nothing but a simple artist," and uses all sorts of theatrical phrases, such as "prating of" affairs, and so forth; otherwise, we feared that, having put Jewish things from him, he would put on Americanism and declare, in a lengthy speech, that he was himself the fine flower of the melting-pot.

However, we were saved this outburst, and Mr. Zangwill permitted us to see something of the hero's love affair with the beautiful Russian lady, something of the intimate life of the poorer Jews in New York, and a good deal of the conductor with the awkward name of Pappelomeister, who supplies, with Kathleen, the servant, Miss O'Connor, the quality of the play which is intended to be humorous. The real fun was in the enormous literary speeches of the hero and the method in which Mr. Chapin gave them, and in his addresses to the armorial bearings of the Northamptonshire family of Washington, which hang upon his wall in the form of the American flag. As the stepmother of the troublesome Russian heroine, Miss Scaife gave an excellent performance, and Miss Inez Bensusan played splendidly, and made us regret that Mr. Zangwill had not taken the trouble to give her a more human and agreeable and natural part.

EGAN MEW.

### "Hullo Tango!" at the Hippodrome

THE revue as a London entertainment has been enormously discussed of late, and we have been told finally that we have had the ideal performance given us, and also that that desirable end is still far to seek.

Our own view is that in the first revue at the Hippodrome we had a delightful, gay, and irresponsible sort of thing that might have gone on for ever but for the fact that many of the performers had to go out of the cast. The present vast undertaking has the advantage of including such amusing and clever people as Miss Ethel Levey, Mr. Harry Tate, and Mr. Morris Harvey, and a hundred beautiful ladies; many of the wonderful costumes are designed with all the grace of which the gifted M. Leon Bakst is capable; many of the scenes are elaborate beyond the dreams of pantomime; and yet there is one essential missing. The revue is not written. There are odds and ends of caricature, slight scenes of a more or less burlesque character; but although Mr. Max Pemberton and Mr. Albert de Cour-

ville are said to be the authors, there appears to be next to nothing to act. It is true that the accomplished Miss Levey is enabled to give us a vivid and amusing Countess Zicka from "Diplomacy," but throughout the whole of the revue that is almost the only scene that possesses life and wit. Mr. Tate we have seen and enjoyed so often before; his "Upside Down Airman" with Miss Levey ought to be funny, but somehow it is merely tedious, just two exceedingly clever people unprovided by the authors with anything worth doing. There are plenty of songs and dances, but none of them is very wonderful. Miss Shirley Kellogg's "Who's the Lady?" when she comes among the audience, is an awkward and not very worthy piece of hard work. Everywhere throughout the revue we feel that the scene is perfect, the actors equal to any fun, the singers in good voice, the dancers ready to enthrall us, but very little opportunity is given to them. It would seem that it is enough to throw half a dozen comedians on the stage, provide beautiful dresses and gay scenery, and, lo and behold! the revue is made. However, in an entertainment of this sort it is so easy to add and to subtract that no doubt before this is printed changes will have been made and the cleverness of the actors and the grandeur of the production will have been helped by the wit and cunning of the authors.

### Variety at the Coliseum

THE most amusing thing here is "Humpsti-Bumpsti," as performed by Pipifax and Panlo. Their performance is fairly well known, but it goes to more applause than ever. Their acrobatic antics appear to infect the rest of the programme, for the performance of "Wild Australia, or Fun in the Stockade," is crowded with the sort of knock-about fun indulged in by Panlo and his partner, and even Mr. Seymour Hicks, in "Always Tell Your Wife," is inclined to the wildest and rashest movements in his desire to race through his part at top speed. Miss Ellaline Terris and Mr. Hicks are immensely popular in Mr. Temple Thurston's little farce, but, as a matter of fact, we have never seen them in anything that suited them so badly and was so little worthy of their talents. On the night we were at the Coliseum "The Follies" revived their "Pantomime Mixture," but all the life and merriment and freshness and satire had gone out of it; one only saw the shadow of what had been amusing, and heard the echo of music which once was gay.

E. M.

"The Ways of the South Sea Savage" is the title of a forthcoming book by Mr. R. W. Williamson. This author has travelled widely in the South Seas, and has recorded his experiences and observations in a work full of interesting information concerning the customs and characteristics of little known tribes. The book will be published by Messrs. Seeley, Service and Co., Ltd.

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## Notes for Collectors

THERE have been many vague rumours lately that the famous £10,000,000 Pierpont Morgan collection might come upon the market. We think it hardly likely, but American collectors and dealers are greatly interested in the matter, and the present Mr. Morgan is bothered on all sides as to exactly what he means to do. At present we fancy he means to do nothing in particular. There is no doubt that the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York is not prepared for all the treasures which were taken to the States from South Kensington, but there are plenty of other museums and galleries wherein the vast collection of paintings, miniatures, porcelains, bronzes, and so forth could be held until the Metropolitan had made ready its splendid house, so that a want of a home is not likely to cause a sale. In any case, it is said the Morgan collection will be on view in New York for a year, and after that we feel certain it will be at the service of the nation in one way or another until all museums pass away.

Failing such extensive sales as this great American gathering of things of beauty, we can turn to our own minor affairs. In King Street, Christie's is now in full working order, and many interesting collections of objects of virtu are being shown to an eager public of connoisseurs. Especially old English silver is bringing large sums in all those rooms wherein it is sold. Old silver and antique furniture are of continual interest, and the mere fact of the London season not yet having begun makes little difference to the large prices such things bring under the hammer.

One of the most interesting branches of old furniture is, of course, to be found in the remarkable clocks which have survived from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. As an aid to collectors in this direction comes an admirable volume from George Routledge and Sons, Ltd., at 31s. 6d. net.

### TIME'S RECORDERS.

Old clocks have an especial attraction for the connoisseur, for they carry within one case, as it were, a dozen arts and crafts. Palaces of princes have been rich in them; the cottages of the poor have been—until these days of the American artless contrivance—well provided with decorative examples.

The whitewash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,  
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door.

It is in the period of this style of work, mentioned by Goldsmith, that collectors are now most happy. But that the field is broad and reaches through the centuries is made very clear for us in the excellent volume by Mr. Herbert Cescinsky and Mr. Malcolm R. Webster, entitled "English Domestic Clocks." This elaborate and useful book supplements Mr. Cescinsky's work on "English Furniture of the Eighteenth Century" for the consideration of clocks in those volumes was somewhat curtailed. With the aid of Mr. Webster,

however, a very complete and valuable consideration of all classes of these interesting examples of man's handicraft is placed before us. While the technical side of the matter is dealt with, as only a competent craftsman such as Mr. Webster can, the historic and decorative portion of the work is fully and ably handled by Mr. Cescinsky, who is a devout student of all that belongs to the subject. With some hundreds of fine drawings and photographs by the authors, this excellent volume forms a guide and informed friend to every collector of clocks. No branch of the subject is neglected, no detail allowed to pass unnoticed. But all is clearly stated; nothing is set down that is dull, and nothing that is doubtful. Many an enthusiast of the subject will, on reading this admirable book, regret that the work of Mr. Cescinsky and Mr. Webster had not appeared before he completed his collection. But there are always new-comers in this field of connoisseurship, and to them "English Domestic Clocks" will prove an absolutely necessary volume to have close to hand beside the other works which have already done so much to make this subject one of the most clearly understood and therefore most interesting in the world of collecting.

E. M.

## Notes and News

The Swiney Prize for Jurisprudence has been awarded to Mr. John W. Salmond, K.C., Solicitor-General for New Zealand, for his work "Jurisprudence." The prize consists of a sum of £100 contained in a silver cup of the same value. It was founded in 1844 under the will of Dr. George Swiney, a somewhat eccentric medical man, who left £5,000 Three per cent. Consols to the Society of Arts in order that the prize might be awarded on every fifth anniversary of his death to the author of the best published work on the subject. Although the bequest was made to the Society of Arts alone, Dr. Swiney appointed as adjudicators the members of the Society and the Fellows of the Royal College of Physicians. An arrangement was made that the award should be given alternately for Medical and General Jurisprudence. The cup is made after a design prepared in 1849, for the first award, by Daniel Maclise, R.A., and the execution has been entrusted to Messrs. Garrard. The prize has been awarded on thirteen previous occasions, among the recipients being Sir Henry Sumner Maine, K.C.B., D.C.L., for his "Ancient Law"; The Right Hon. Sir Robert Joseph Phillimore, D.C.L., for his "Commentaries on International Law"; Thomas Erskine Holland, D.C.L., for his "Elements of Jurisprudence"; and Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart., and Professor F. W. Maitland, for their "History of English Law before Edward the First." It may be mentioned that in addition to this bequest to the Royal Society of Arts, Dr. Swiney also left a similar sum of £5,000 to the Trustees of the British Museum for the establishment of a lectureship in geology.

We regret to record the death, at Richmond, on December 13, last year, of the younger of the two poets

who wrote under the name of "Michael Field." Of their first published work, "Callirrhoe" and "Fair Rosamund," which appeared in 1884, THE ACADEMY wrote: "It will be seen that here is a young writer with plenty of convictions and plenty of courage. In addition, we may credit him with the fresh gift of song, a picturesque and vivid style, as yet without distinction or reserve." Since then there has appeared a long series of dramas of high quality, many through the sumptuous medium of the Vale Press, and three volumes of lyrics, "Sappho" (1889), "Underneath the Bough" (1893), and "Wild Honey" (1908). In all there is a complete fusion of two personalities. Nevertheless the elder and surviving poet wishes it to be known that the famous Faun song in "Callirrhoe," which has found its way into many anthologies, the fairy songs in "Fair Rosamund," and the whole of the "Father's Tragedy," were the work of the younger writer while still a girl. Their definitely Catholic work is represented by two volumes of devotional verse, "Poems of Adoration" and "Mystic Trees," of which it is now known that the first is the work of the poet lately dead. It is possible to detect in these two books a diversity of gift and temperament of which no trace appears in the earlier writings.

## Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

### A DECADE OF WORLD PROGRESS.

SOME eight or nine years ago remarkable symptoms of national re-awakening began to manifest themselves throughout the countries of the East. Japan successfully challenged Russian domination in the blue waters of the Pacific, the movement that was to result in the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty in China perceptibly quickened, Persia clamoured for a Constitution, Egypt exhibited an ominous state of unrest, sporadic anarchy troubled India, and the Ottoman Empire, with a German trained army generally believed to be equal in efficiency to any European force, was looked upon as a rising and formidable Power. It is interesting now to return to the opinions then expressed as to the future relations of East and West, examining these at the same time in the light of subsequent events. Such task need not be approached in any spirit of despair arising out of the limitations of human judgment. For at the outset let it be frankly admitted that so impressive, so widespread and so sudden was the upheaval which occurred during the period under review among the teeming millions of Asia, that students inclined to indulge in a prophetic vein found themselves carried away by the sheer enthusiasm of their pessimism. Thus we were told on all sides that the arbitrary cycles of the world's civilisation, that of East and that of West, which take many centuries to perform a revolution had again reversed, the Eastern turning towards progress, the Western towards decline. Veritable panic agitated the pens of not a few publicists. With Japan as a guiding star the nations of the East were to find a common enemy in the nations of the West. What the

Island Empire of the Pacific had done in half a century the rest, with her example before them, could accomplish in far less time.

Amid the muffled din of all this pessimism could be heard the alarm of a Yellow Peril at the portals of the West. Men actually saw visions of another Mongol invasion, one more awesome than any in the past in that it would be reinforced by hordes from India, Turkey, and Persia, and would unite all the savagery of a still barbaric Asia with the smooth science of the machine-making West. Contemporary thinkers who in the nature of things are confused by environment and prejudice do not create history; and only after the lapse of years, when individual opinion sinks into insignificance, can it be said that any semblance of truth rises to the surface. In the decade that has elapsed since the fierce contest in Manchuria much has happened, and the course of events has so shaped itself as to completely falsify views vigorously advanced at the time to which we have alluded. The outstanding fact has emerged, contrary to all gloomy forebodings, that the nations of the West have not lost their vitality. On the other hand it is plain that the nations of the East have not made the most of their opportunities. The state of Japan to-day is one of sterility; China moves, though slowly and not along popular lines; Persia is rent with anarchy; the Ottoman Empire is in the melting-pot; Egypt is no longer dangerously assertive; and India remains an enigma which assuredly the passing of years will solve, though more years than most people allow for.

In the West, altogether a different picture is presented. If we free our minds of political considerations which, in engendering bias, distort the vision of world affairs, we are bound to say that in the last ten years Europe has undeniably progressed. The pacifist may perhaps object that the vast armaments maintained are opposed to this assertion. But failing the practice of universal brotherhood no alternative than that of power by the sway of the sword has been devised for the protection of a community. It is perfectly true then that the millennium of permanent peace resulting from subjection of rivalry among nations organised to compete with each other is not in sight. Because of that circumstance, however, we cannot agree that, compared with the East, the West is on the decline, more especially, too, when we reflect that the former also is arming with aggressive intent. Civilisation is not the monopoly of any single country, and civilisation will always move forward independently of national jealousies so long as these are not permitted the excess of war. Within practical limits we may even with reason join issue with the pacifists. We welcome the fact that during the period of peace which Europe has enjoyed, international intercourse has grown to a remarkable extent. It is an interesting circumstance that all the capitals of Europe are to-day rather international than national in character. International congresses are now more than ever the rule. The intellectual thought of the nations is in closer constant communica-



tion and, on the whole, in harmony. To deal adequately with this development alone would require an article in itself. Our simple reference is merely intended to show that though progress has necessarily been slow, the nations of the West at least attempted to understand each other.

If we take the standard of commercial success to guide us, then we find that Europe is enjoying unparalleled prosperity. Altogether no sign can be detected of that swift decay which the prophets declared awaited the peoples of the West. Yet, in spite of the record of disaster of which we have spoken, it would be an error to assume that the peoples of the East have not appreciably advanced. In their efforts to appraise the exact degree of this advancement we fear that many authorities have started from false assumptions. One school, for example, has erred in the belief of a common ideal existing among all Asiatic races. So vast is the region embraced within the term Eastern that it contains problems no less grave than those which have obstructed enlightenment in Europe. Too often it is forgotten that the nations of the East have rival religions, rival policies, both political and economic, and, in many important instances, even conflicting ideals. Again, too much reliance is frequently placed on that latent power supposed to be hidden in the mysticism of the East. But mysticism fails completely in the presence of modern problems, the problems which baffle sorcerers and only statesmen may solve.

And finally the idea became fixed in the purview of many students that the wholesale importation of Western institutions would impart fiery vigour to the slumbering peoples of Asia. Constitutional government has so far failed completely throughout the East, but on that account there is no reason to despair. The limbs of the masses are still stiff and sore from the chains which encumbered them in the barbaric past. That they are free at all from these chains is welcome progress, and in time they will accustom themselves to walk with the easy gait of men of conscious freedom. Nothing is more fallacious than this habit of imagining that Western institutions are an immediate panacea for all the ills that afflict the East. For these self-same institutions are in a state of evolution in the very region to which they owe their origin. For example, the Duma and Press in Russia are in a subservience to authority that is almost Oriental in rigour. In Germany, as we have seen lately, Constitutional Government is almost a farce. In England there is certainly wide divergence of opinion as to the merits of parliamentary control. In France governments change as quickly as do the seasons. In Hungary the Diet is very frequently the scene of discreditable brawls. Nevertheless, constitutional government is certainly to be found a reality in the West, whereas, in the East, with the exception of Japan, it is altogether non-existent; and even in Japan the parliament has been described by an eminent Japanese politician as comparable only with an "assembly of devils." If without dwelling too critically upon its manifestations we regard progress among the

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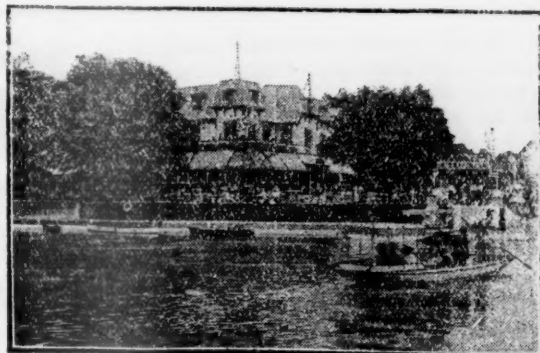
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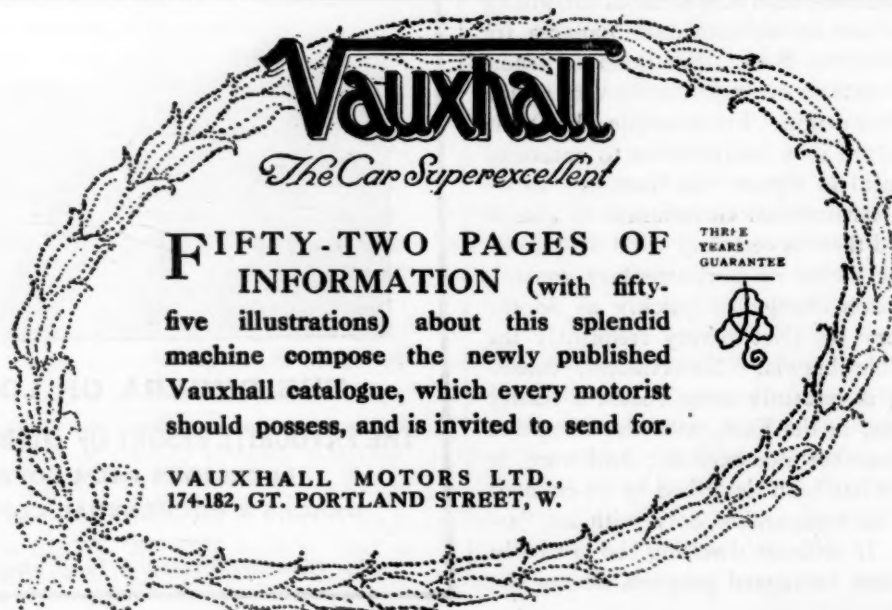
nations as merely slow advancement towards the grand ideal of universal comprehension, and at the same time make full allowance for the historical and geographical disabilities of our less fortunate rivals, disabilities from which we have in an incalculable measure derived profit, there is surely no room for arrogant self-complacency. Were there to be a wider realisation of this truth, the peoples of Europe would learn intelligently to appreciate each other's struggles and, in turn, the still more uphill task with which Eastern nations are confronted. For all alike have started from the same point, and are proceeding along the same road, though the stages which they have reached are widely set apart.

## MOTORING

**I**N the opinion of the delegates from all parts of the Empire who attended the Imperial Motor Transport Conference held in London in July of last year, alcohol will be the motor fuel of the future, and this view as to the ultimate solution of the motor fuel problem seems to be steadily gaining ground among those qualified to gauge the limitations of the present sources of supply and the requirements of the future. It may reasonably be assumed that the astonishing development of mechanically propelled locomotion will continue rapidly and uninterruptedly to supersede every other form of locomotion or traction; and it is abundantly clear that to meet the continuously increasing demand for the necessary motor fuel it will be imperative to develop some other and practically unlimited source of supply. The most promising of these potential sources is undoubtedly alcohol. It has been demonstrated to be a perfectly efficient motor fuel, and it is a matter of common knowledge that it can be manufactured at a small cost from commodities and materials of which we have, or can produce, an inexhaustible supply. The

obstacles to its immediate utilisation as a motor fuel are two-fold: firstly, its artificially enhanced price resulting from the imposition of the heavy Government duty, and, secondly, the necessity for somewhat important modifications of the existing standard type of engine. To overcome the first-mentioned difficulty, without involving any diminution of the revenue at present derived by the Government from the sale of alcohol as a beverage, all that seems necessary is that the spirit, when intended for use as a motor fuel, should be "de-natured," and thereby made unpalatable—a process which is perfectly simple. The other obstacle, namely, that of engine modification, is perhaps not quite so easily overcome. In fact it is not easy to ascertain precisely the nature and extent of the alterations which would have to be made in the present type of engine before pure alcohol could be used with perfect satisfaction; but it may be taken for granted that the car manufacturers will not be eager to introduce costly alterations of engine design. It is to deal with these difficulties mainly that the Alcohol Motor Fuel Committee has just been formed by the Imperial Motor Transport Council. The committee is of a very influential and authoritative nature, among its fourteen members being the Hon. Arthur Stanley, chairman of the R.A.C., Mr. S. F. Edge, Dr. Hele-Shaw, Professor Vivian B. Lewes, Dr. Ormanby, and Sir Boverton Redwood. Its practical work is to commence at once, and there is every reason to hope that the results will be of great importance to the whole community.

At a dinner at Edinburgh on Tuesday last, Lieut.-Col. Matthew, president of the Scottish Motor Association, stated that he had sounded members of the association with regard to the ear-marking of motor vehicles for the use of the Government in the event of war, and had received eighty-six favourable replies. In any time of crisis, these firms would be able and willing to place at the disposal of the Government 739 motor cars, 96 motor lorries, and 800 qualified drivers



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for the transport of troops, supplies, and ammunition. It would be interesting to know what would be the result of a similar plebiscite of the whole of the firms in the British motor industry.

According to the *Autocar*, at the recent New York Automobile Show 87 per cent. of the American cars had an electric engine starting equipment as a standard fitting and as an integral part of the chassis; 1 per cent. of the cars had acetylene starting outfits and 4 per cent. air starters. As an optional extra, electric starters could be fitted to 2 per cent. and mechanical starters to 1 per cent. The most striking point in connection with the above is that in only 5 per cent. of all cars shown was no provision made for some form of engine starter. At Olympia and Paris the percentage was probably the other way about, *i.e.*, possibly 5 per cent. of the cars had some such provision. The above particulars are furnished by the United Motor Industries, Ltd., the British selling agents for the North-east starter-generator. This equipment, we learn, is fitted as standard to fourteen models of six different American makers, seven of these models being similarly equipped last year.

Those motorists who are fond of statistics may be interested to know that of the eight hundred tyres fitted to cars at the Scottish Motor Exhibition at Edinburgh, five hundred and fifty-five are Dunlops. At the three officially recognised motor shows held in this country—London, Manchester, and Edinburgh—the respective figures of Dunlops and all other makes combined have been 2,372 to 1,646.

## In the Temple of Mammon

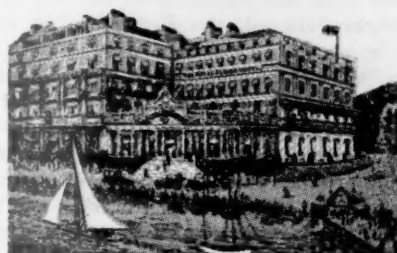
The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

**C**HEAP money is almost bringing about a boom. The banks have reduced their rate of interest on deposits to a figure which renders it unprofitable for the public to keep their money idle any longer. Consequently, investment brokers are quite busy purchasing gilt-edged securities. The rise has not yet come to an end. I will not go as far as most people and say that we shall have a boom year. This does not seem in any way probable; but it is clear that the City will do well. Trade continues to fall away. Consequently, money which is used in business is coming to London. The new issues have many of them gone extremely well. The City of Concepcion was over-subscribed in a few hours. On the other hand, the Forestal debentures failed to meet with approval. Associated Provincial Picture Houses offered 470,000 shares for the purpose of building cinematograph shows. It is doubtful if the issue was subscribed, in spite of the success of the parent company. Plymouth Consolidated propose to revive an old mine on the mother lode in California. This is a sheer gamble. The same may be said of the Trinidad Silverstream Oilfields. Trinidad may be full of oil, but, unfortunately, up to the present the companies exploiting it have not been lucky. Lord St. Davids has brought out

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a new Trust and asks the public for £250,000. He will probably get it as no one knows better how to run a successful Trust than the group with whom his Lordship has surrounded himself. The Birmingham Aluminium Casting Company is a small affair of only local interest. The Bengal-Nagpur Railway offered two million 4 per cent. debentures at 97½, and they were immediately snapped up. The Anchorage Life offered 100,000 shares and proposes to start a new Insurance Society. It is difficult to see how such a company can succeed. The Melbourne Electric Supply asked for £150,000 5 per cent. debentures at 97½. This is a reasonable commercial risk.

**MONEY.**—The Bank Rate was reduced to 4 per cent. as everyone anticipated, and we are now all talking of a 3 per cent. rate, though when this will come about is perhaps doubtful. However, money is cheap all over the world, Paris being the only capital in which the rate has not been reduced. The French banks want all the money they can get for the new loans, and they will probably maintain their rate in order to attract gold from both London and New York. Sir Edward Holden's oration to the shareholders of the City and Midland Bank has attracted a great deal of attention. He was extremely pessimistic in regard to the Post Office Savings Bank, which he thinks should publish a balance-sheet and keep a reserve. Everyone in the City agrees with him. The Post Office Savings Bank was established at a time when Joint Stock banks were in their infancy. It is now an anachronism, and sooner or later the big banking institutions of Great Britain will come to an agreement with the Government to take over the deposits. The Savings Bank holds £185,000,000 of deposits, and the only security against panic is the credit of the country. This may be good enough in times of peace, but it would fail during a war.

**FOREIGNERS.**—The Foreign market has not improved *pari passu* with other markets. If we are to get any trouble at all it will be in Paris. The French bankers are haggling with Greece over her million loan and they are discussing a 20 million loan with Turkey. For this loan they expect concessions over the whole Turkish Empire; but Turkey is so hard up that she will have to consent. The Russian loan should be out within the next few weeks. Servia finds that she needs more money, and she will probably once again ask the French for a loan. There appears to be no end to the borrowings of the Near East, but we hear very little of Bulgaria and her needs. Then there is the Uruguay loan, which is to be offered in Brussels and London, and should be readily subscribed. The Cuban loan, which has been secured by Morgans, Kuhn Loeb, and the two leading banks in New York, will probably be kept away from London. The Foreign market will be busy for months with its new issues, but I cannot see how they will affect the money position, as such loans do not destroy credit. On the contrary, they create it, and most of them, so far from making the banks tighter, will release a large amount now locked up in unnegotiable securities.

**HOME RAILS.**—The Home Railway market hangs fire. Everybody has got labour on the brain, and the strikes certainly do not help people. Also, the whole energy of the investing public is directed to finding out some cheap gilt-edged stock. It is not the fashion at the moment to consider Home Railways a gilt-edged security. However, their time will come, and those who buy to-day will make money before the year is out. I am not suggesting a speculation. On the contrary, I think that Dover "A," Little Chats, and all the deferred stocks of the English railways are fully valued. Underground Electrics do not hold their own. But we must remember that they have had a very big rise, and a year ago, when they were being boomed with great enthusiasm, they were only quoted at 95.

**YANKEES.**—The American market is quite lively. The principal dealings have been done in Steels. From information I get from New York, I cannot help thinking that the rise has been overdone, and it is mainly due to a "bear" squeeze. Certainly, the Iron and Steel trade in the United States is definitely bad. The St. Louis and San Francisco is all the talk on Wall Street, and the Interstate Commerce Commission has published a very bitter attack upon the financial operations of the railway, and, incidentally, they blame the house of Speyers for having offered the last issue of the bond in Paris. They say that this house should have informed themselves of the financial position of the road. I do not think that we have heard the end of this business. There is some talk of the Government proceeding with a suit against New York Central with the idea of separating that road from the other Vanderbilt lines. It seem to me that this is carrying persecution to an extreme, as the Michigan and Lake Shore roads are actually part of New York Central, and do not in the least interfere with anybody.

**RUBBER.**—Rubber, probably out of sympathy with the rest of the market, has hardened up a little. Only two small reports have made their appearance during the week, the Val d'Or and the Escot. The latter, under the Presidency of Mr. Malcolm Cumming, has always been looked upon as a sound little concern, but the report is very unsatisfactory and the chance of a dividend next year remote.

**OIL.**—In the Oil market there has been some buying of International Russian in the hope that the bore hole now down 2,000 feet will strike a rich horizon. Maikop Premiers hold their own, but candidly, the Oil market, is

rather dull. It is said that there is further good news in from Egypt, but the market has not responded. Shells keep hard. We are promised a prospectus for the Pacific Petroleum which will probably be out before this is in print.

**MINES.**—Kaffirs have moved up all along the line, and although the public is buying with great caution, the dealers think that we may get a considerable rise. But everything depends upon the magnates. They killed the last little boom by too rapidly unloading their shares. We must remember that practically all the shares are now held by the big houses, and that they are determined to get out of the Rand as quickly as possible. It is uncertain whether the big men will be able to exercise sufficient self-restraint. Russians are all fairly hard, and it is now said that Russo-Asiatics have acquired options on further good properties. Wheeler Cornwallis-West are said to have a Kirkland Lake mine ready for flotation, and Mr. Latilla is also preparing another proposition. The Jos report is reasonably good, but not much information is afforded us. Two more Cobalt reports are out, but they add little to our knowledge. On the whole, the Mining market looks like going better.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—The event of the week in the Miscellaneous market has been the Maypole Dairy report. The House did not like the reduction in profits and sold the deferred shares. It is clear that you cannot have your cake and eat it too, and the deferred shareholders, having had their bonus distribution, must now look for very much reduced profits in the future. Indeed, it is doubtful whether they will get more than 80 per cent. or 90 per cent. dividend on the new shares. However, the balance sheet is very strong, and the company one of the soundest in Great Britain. Cuban Ports remain weak in spite of puffs telling us that the common stock will be paid off at 70. The Cuban Government has no information on the subject, and insiders are evidently unloading. The Egyptian market is showing signs of movement, and the South American Meat Fusion has put life into this section. Breweries keep hard and Watney, Combe announcement of an interim dividend of 2 per cent. was liked. Maple's dividend remains unchanged, but the profits are slightly lower. The quotation of the shares did not alter. RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### PAINTERS OF ANIMALS, ANIMAL PAINTERS, AND OTHER MATTERS.

*To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.*

Sir,—It seems, from a footnote in THE ACADEMY of January 17, that we now have a Society of Animal Painters, and that they are holding their first exhibition—good!

But from the point of view of art—and nothing else whatsoever matters—is this a cause for congratulation; rather, is it not a retrogressive step? We all admit that the dear painters of cats and dogs, cattle and horses, are painstaking, worthy people; and to be painstaking we know, is to possess a prime British virtue. But in art—and nothing else whatsoever matters—to take pains is either a very great virtue or a very great vice. With the Royal Academy and all it stands for in British art it is a very great vice. The prime vice, the besetting sin of the Royal Academy is that it sets the mechanical, the obviously painstaking part of Art before art itself. They grasp at the substance and miss the spirit. And in this new society, it



seems to me, we are to have this policy still further enshrined.

To paint animals is to glory overmuch in technique, in difficulties to be overcome. All artists know that it requires long training, patient study, infinite self-discipline, and a thousand other virtues, all worthy of regard, successfully to set on canvas, say, a troop of horses galloping towards the spectator. Yet what have we when all is said and done? We have the thews, the bones, the flesh and the muscles of a picture, but the soul—Art—is lacking. There is nothing represented but what everyone can see—even the untutored ploughboy. Therefore I say, admitting, as all artists will admit, the horrible difficulties, the hours of seemingly futile effort, the tears of vexation that have gone to achieve such a work—is it worth while? Is it right that any noble soul (and all painters who are not noble ought to be doing something else honest, and more suited to their soul station) should so waste its powers for an end so comparatively ignoble? Your mechanical operators of the camera, cinematograph, or other mechanical device can do this better and with less wasted energy. Yes, I hear superior sighs—"poor fellow, he misunderstands the whole meaning, the traditions and the teaching of art." And, too, I know that sufficient argument from antiquity, with its so dead ideals, can be brought forward utterly to bury me and a city full of "me's." Yet I maintain that with the huge advances in the mere representation of objects by purely mechanical processes, artists before many decades are past, will be as ashamed as any poet of his work if, beyond it being mechanically right, clever in design, and of perfect technique—and, of course, all these are absolutely *necessary*—it is nothing more, if it does not speak from a soul to a soul. Who but a pedant would read poetry for its mere technical perfections, be they ever so great? Similarly, with pictorial art: a picture which does not "speak" to me, does not interest me in the least. Indeed a gallery of animal painting would be more boring than a museum.

If art is advancing, art is no longer mere representation of objects, no longer even art for art's sake, but as has been said before art for soul's sake. Thus, *en passant*, it seems to me Futurism, Cubism, concerning themselves with pseudo-scientific problems, are utter rubbish and will dismally fail. Indeed, all "movements" giving themselves a name, and being *self-conscious*, come to naught. To me all painters of animals and those who hold kinship with them, that is, all those *over-concerned* with the mechanical side of art, are real *animal* painters. With them, as with so many artists, it is not as was said of old, "the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak," but "the flesh is strong: the spirit is weak."

It is quite true that the whole spirit of official art in England, with the great Academy at its head, is on the side of these muscular artists. A year or two ago, for instance, the Chantrey Trustees bought for the nation a faultless, beautifully exact reproduction on canvas of a middle class suburban interior. Thereby did they who are set on high to direct the taste of the people, declare to the great public of England, transposing, in their worldly wisdom the words of much greater *spiritual* wisdom: "Man liveth by bread alone."

Of course one cannot expect anything better. The whole teaching of art in England is wrong at the very core. I will illustrate what I mean: At a town not far from where I write, about nine hundred pupils (I have forgotten the exact figure, but it is of no consequence even if you have it) have passed through the municipal art school within the last ten or fifteen years. Out of these not more than one has done anything to speak of in the real art world. Think of that, British tax-payers! Had not this money, utterly

wasted in teaching the mechanism of art, better be devoted to the building of Dreadnoughts or to offering better inducements to muscular men, totally unfitted for the practice of art, to don a uniform and carry arms in defence of their country? Why, if our city fathers must lay their heavy, but patronising, hand upon the head of meek, god-like art, do they not fetch to their respective boroughs men versed in the ultimate meaning of art, who feel its innermost pulse and speak with its spirit, instead of setting up municipal schools to teach its dry mechanism to pupils who comprehend not art's true significance?

The whole basis of art is expression—self-expression. A man enters art in order that he may so express his soul that another soul may understand and receive with gladness and great joy, *his* message. Imagine a child kept from birth in a darkened room, fed, but having no communication with human beings or human things. Then, say, at ten years of age, some benevolent individual engages a more or less expensive professor to teach it language, to teach it to speak, to express itself when it has nothing to express! Would it not be wiser, first to let that child comprehend the appearance and meaning of things before it is taught to babble?

Therefore, before the so-called art pupil is allowed to enter any municipal or other art school, let him understand clearly whether within him he has anything worthy of expression, know if he has any real desire so to express himself. Nay, before he attempts to express himself in sacred art (as one speaks of sacred poesy) let him study Nature, great literature and poetry, learn the Bible and his Shakespeare: then mayhap he will know whether he has a soul all desirous to express great and noble things, or merely an itch to gain that praise which is given (and rightly so) to all painstaking effort, all work truly undertaken and with self-sacrifice nobly accomplished. But—and this is the difference—an artist should be above that praise: this is for the artisan, not for the artist. If, however, he approaches art in the right spirit, and would be a true artist, he will somehow find means to attain proficiency in technique and in mechanical skill—neither bolts nor bars, wild horses or false teachers, will keep him from it. He, have no fear, will soon learn the science of perspective and find out, if necessary, how to treat a telegraph pole artistically!

Meanwhile, I often wonder what becomes of the dear, painstaking, but quite uninspired young ladies who attend municipal art schools, and receive nice, gratifying certificates and even scholarships from their South Kensington heaven. They—the S.K. gods know it—are turned out by the hundred gross—what *does* become of them? Perhaps they might tell us something at the W.S.P.U.!

I write not arrogantly, but with all meekness. Yours faithfully,  
C. R. M.  
Lincoln.

#### THE GREATEST BAR TO HUMAN PROGRESS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The warlike expenditure of Europe amounts to £500,000,000 per year, and is rapidly increasing. About 5,000,000 people serve permanently in the European armies and navies, and as these might earn £500,000,000 in civil life, armaments practically cost Europe £1,000,000,000 per year in time of peace. The British Empire spends £100,000,000 annually on army and navy. About 500,000 white British men are kept permanently under arms, and as these might earn £50,000,000, in civil life, preparations for war cost us £150,000,000 per year. The nations of Europe and civilisation itself threaten to break down under the intolerable military burden.

What is the cause of the mad armament race? The real

cause, in my opinion, lies in the unfortunate political organisation of Europe. The European Great Powers are divided into two groups: the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente. They distrust one another. As both groups are approximately equally strong, each group tries to get the advantage over the other by increasing its armaments.

What is the remedy for this state of affairs? As the reduction of armaments by mutual agreement has proved hitherto impracticable, and would in any case only be a temporary remedy, the ruinous armament race can be stopped only if we abolish the division amongst the Powers, if we unite the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente into a Sextuple Alliance. The writer has closely studied the political problems which at present divide the nations. He has discussed the matter with the leading European rulers, statesmen, and politicians, and has come to the conclusion that it is possible to unite the European Powers in an Alliance or a Federation. France and Russia were once our enemies, and we have been at war with both. Our present agreement and friendship with them shows that apparently irreconcilable differences may be overcome by friendly discussion and adjustment, *provided there be goodwill on both sides*. Therefore, the greatest need is the enlightenment of the people. Only popular pressure can bring about the unification of Europe. This will lead to a gradual reduction of armaments and a great increase of prosperity, for the economic waste of £1,000,000,000 per year will then enormously decrease.

In the hope of promoting the unity of Europe I have founded the European Unity League. Its name explains its object. I will gladly explain to all who write to me to the temporary offices, 39, St. James' Street, Piccadilly, London, my aims and proposals at greater length than I can in this letter. I invite your readers to become members of the European Unity League, and to aid me in my propaganda. Membership of the League involves no financial or other liability whatever. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

MAX WAECHTER.

London, January 23, 1914.

#### SCOTT AND LYTTON.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Mr. Salmon is evidently not acquainted either with that very scarce book, "Letters of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton, to his Wife," or my own little work entitled "Bulwer Lytton: An Exposure of the Errors of his Biographers," for both show that Lytton's earliest estimate of Scott was very unfavourable. The dedication to him of "Eugene Aram" shows Lytton in a different frame of mind. It is dated December 22, 1831, and the novel was published in the same month, although dated 1832.

In Mr. Salmon's article "1886" is evidently a mistake for "1866," as is also "lock" for "rock." Lytton's death occurred in 1873.

16, Amwell Street, E.C.

W. A. FROST.

#### TRAFFIC IN ADVOWSONS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The recent publication of a Parliamentary Return giving particulars of registered transactions in Advowsons between the years 1904 and 1912 has aroused considerable interest amongst the laity who, for some time past, have endeavoured to draw attention to the grave scandals connected with the sales of advowsons, some of which are in reality, by evasions of the purpose of the law, sales of incumbencies and the cure of souls.

In this connection the "Benefices Act, 1898," Amendment Committee has been collecting data showing the wanton injury inflicted upon parishes by the induction of unfit incumbents, and we should be obliged if any of your readers will communicate any particulars of cases of this character which may be known to them. It is hoped that remedial legislation may be secured by the consent of all political parties in order to put an end to a traffic which every honest and religious man should regard as scandalous.

Letters should be addressed to Mr. Edward Atkin, 5, Pump Court, Temple, E.C. We are, yours faithfully,

HUGH CECIL,  
A. D. PHILLIPS.

London, January 12, 1914.

#### A TRANSLATOR OF THE ILIAD AND THE ÆNEID.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The Catalogs of the British Museum and the Bodleian Library mention "The First Six Books of Homer's Iliad, with an interpagated translation, line for line, and numerous notes. "By the author of the first six books of Virgil's Æneid on the same plan. London: Printed for Taylor and Walton, Upper Gower Street, 1841." This book of 271 pages was produced by "J. Walford, Printer, Whitchurch, Salop." Is it known who was "the author" of these translations?

P.S.—Two misprints which occur in my letter on p. 831 of THE ACADEMY for December 27, 1913, must be rectified by reading "is isarrak," and "its comarca." I remain yours,

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### FICTION.

- The Lost Road.* By Richard Harding Davis. Illustrated. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)  
*The Flying Inn.* By G. K. Chesterton. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)  
*Gillespie.* By J. Macdougall Hay. (Constable and Co. 6s.)  
*The Three Trees.* By Guy Rawlence. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)  
*Why She Left Him.* By Florence Warden. (John Long. 6s.)

### HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

- Our Navy.* By Archibald Hurd. With a Preface by the Earl of Selborne, K.G. (Fred. Warne and Co. 1s. net.)  
*Paul Verlaine.* By Wilfrid Thorley. (Constable and Co. 1s. net.)

### THEOLOGY.

- The Meaning of Christianity.* By Frederick A. M. Spencer, M.A. (T. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)

### PERIODICALS.

- The Women's Industrial News; Mind; Bookseller; Cambridge University Reporter; Colonial Life; Windsor Magazine; Wm. Dawson and Sons' List of Annual Subscriptions; C. and E. Layton's Handy Newspaper List; Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N.Y.; Bookfellow; Revue Critique; Revue Bleue; Cambridge Magazine; Publishers' Circular; Literary Digest; Wednesday Review; Collegian.*